



ROBT. WILLIAMS · RAMONES · HOLD & FLIES



MOTORBOOTS



HELL IS FOR BOZOS



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Rehab Doll LP

SOUNDGARDEN

Fopp 12"

THE FLUID

Clear Black Paper LP

GIRL TROUBLE

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FALL RELEASES

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Superfuzz Bigmuff EP

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**SUB
POP**

MOTORBOOTY

3

TRASH



IS TRUTH

STAFF

OVERPOWERED BY LUNG FUNK
Plotnick

THE WHOLE FUNK AND NOTHING BUT THE LUNG FUNK
Dancey

GETTIN' DOWN JUST FOR THE LUNG FUNK OF IT

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Ivan O. Sanchez
Terry Laban
Thom Jurek
Barry Henssler
Lloyd Dangle
Marce Hall
Eileen Carey
Becky Haycox
Rick "Bonecrusher" Mintz
Jeff Mendelssohn

BACK ISSUES

Copies of MOTORBOOTY #1, an irresponsible bashing of Wire, Breaking Circus, The Necros, and The Laughing Hyenas, are practically being given away at two bucks a pop from the address at right.

MOTORBOOTY #2 features Sonic Youth, Pere Ubu, White Zombie, The Necros, and Russ Meyer. It's almost extinct, but a handful of copies are still available for \$2.50 from the address at right.

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Williams: Aesthetician or retinal fiend?

ROBT. WILLIAMS

IS
FOULING THE
ART WORLD'S
NEST

When it comes to visual high explosives, Robert Williams is the man. As an underground cartoonist (many of his Zap Comix contributions are considered low-brow landmarks), and as an outlaw oil painter (his *Zombie Mystery Paintings* earned him death threats), Williams has been giving art a bad name ever since the days when people still took Bob Dylan seriously. Consistently, Williams has cranked out stuff that's as controversial as it is creative—a sure sign that he's been doing something right. Lately his work has been showing up on a number of album covers, and we spoke to him shortly after Guns 'n' Roses replaced '87's most incendiary cover (Williams' *Appetite for Destruction*, which features "robotic rape imagery") with '87's lamest cover (more skulls).



Cootchie Cootie, the lovable louse
Williams created in 1969

■ **MOTORBOOTY:** The motto on your business card is "Fouling the Art World's Nest since 1957"...

■ **ROBERT WILLIAMS:** 1957 was the first time I ever did an oil painting. I was a young student at the time, probably eighth grade.

■ **What was the painting of?**

■ God, I don't remember. I think it was some abstract stuff—some pathetic attempt. I guess that first shit I did is comparable to the stuff I see around today.

■ **So why foul the art world's nest?**

■ I'm a counter-aesthetician. I don't pretend to interior decorate with my work. I don't do art that will very well fit into the scheme of most people's living rooms. I do art that goes against interior decorator aesthetics. I come from a school of art that's very big in this country right now: artists that were influenced—or poisoned by—cartoons.

■ **Like EC Comics?**

■ EC Comics and cartoons in general—it's something I can't get away from. I made attempts when I was younger to be a snob

artist and sophisticate up my technique, but I can't—it just ends up looking like a cartoon.

I first went to formal art school in 1963, out here in California. I had come from Albuquerque, New Mexico, and was kind of backward—I had all these ideals in my head about what I wanted to do, how I wanted to be a good draftsman and really develop a good language in art. But when I came out here and got into art school, I discovered that the worst thing I could do was actually be a capable draftsman. I was discouraged at every turn about this—my work would be "too introspective" or show too much work to warrant much attention. But if I'd just slop the shit on there and go for the abstract, I'd get along well with my teachers, my fellow students would like me because I offered them almost no competition, and then there'd be no problems anywhere. I'd be one of a million abstract artists. But as a child I'd already seen this fantastic draftsmanship in EC Comics, early Max Fleischer animated movies—all the stuff that I'd been drawn to. And I couldn't get away from it. So I didn't do well

academically. I got straight A's in all my art classes, but I didn't get along with my fellow students—I was referred to as "the illustrator." I hate that term—it's like a handle of prostitution or something. Unfortunately we live in a time where everyone who's capable and talented at drawing has gone into illustration or comic books, but they can't get into fine art shows because those shows are owned and dominated by people with only vague ideas about what art is. Now when I was younger I used to violently hate this school of art domination, but I've come to a point where I've realized that I can't enter their world, and I hold nothing against them. To hold something against them would be wrong—let them sell their interior decoration for eons to come; I have pretty much established my own following. All I can do now is build a bigger audience.

■ **Yet you say you come from a school of art that's very big in this country right now—what does that say about the art world?**

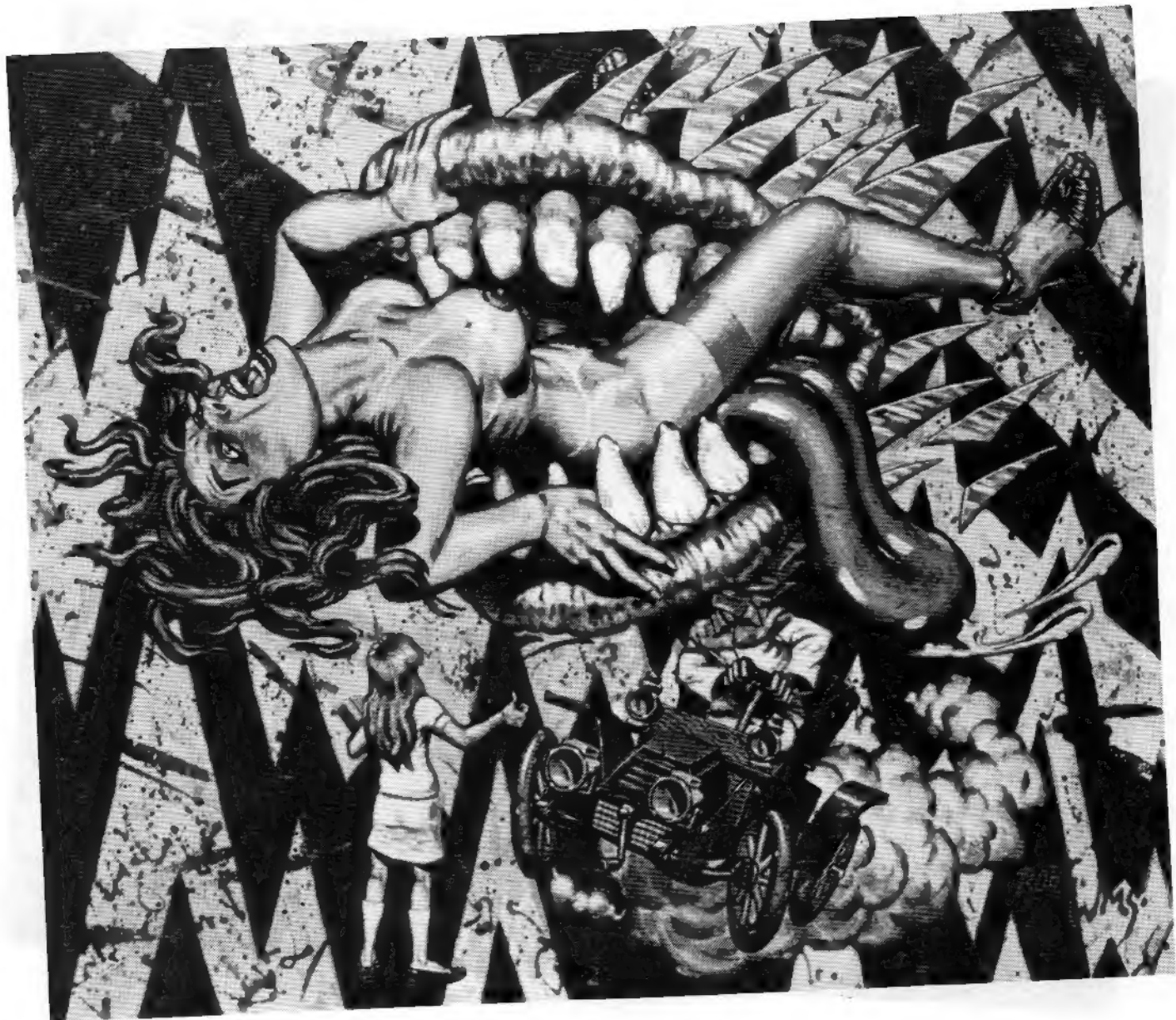
■ Well, let me give you this comparison: I got this really thick book from the 1890's and it had all the top artists in the world at that time, as judged by the English Academy of Arts. I went through that book and except for August Rodin there wasn't one fucking name in there that I could recognize. Hundreds of top artists from the 1890's—and I know art history. The same thing's happening now. You've got all these fuckin' flash geniuses, but they're not going to hold up posthumously. There again, I'm not interested in posthumous success. I want to live now and after that I really just don't give a shit. I just drew that comparison to you to answer your question.

■ **So what is your biggest dislike of the art world?**

■ The art world is like a locked matrix of economics and people trying to get involved. My artwork sells like crazy, but I cannot get into galleries. Not because my artwork will not sell in a gallery, but because it offends the paying underwriters—the people who sponsor the galleries I try to get into. In other words, my creative ability can be no further out than the small group that runs the money to control the venues. Which is probably the way it's always been.

■ **So that must lead to a lot of frustration?**

■ Well yeah, sure it does. But being involved in underground comics and working for Ed "Big Daddy" Roth, I generated a pretty good audience, and I got a really good mailing list. I depend on these people who've been following me for two decades—that's what's really kept me going. Things were pretty coarse when I started working for Roth back in 1965. Roth was interested in selling decals and T-shirts to kids: monsters and nebbishes with beer cans and bumps, the kind of stuff kids wanted. Stuff with honest, basic appeal, the way art actually should be. I picked up a bunch of people from Roth in the mid 60's, and in the late 60's I picked up a lot more from underground comics. We thought that underground comics were going to be just the biggest thing in the world—in '69, '70, '71



Zombie Mystery Painting #38: A Young Girl's Smile Isn't Legal Consent

Academic Title: The Hitchhiker Personifying The Latent Victim While The Motorist Assumes The Role Of Aggressionary Agent As Opportunity Adds The Fatal Cohesion
Common Title: Hit 'N Run Pollination

we thought the way the thing was mushrooming, we were all going to be farting through silk here pretty quick. But it just pooped out.

■ **What happened?**

■ The Vietnam war ended and people were no longer interested in being involved in the subculture and following in what was hip and what wasn't. Another problem was that there were so many underground cartoonists trying to get on the band wagon, it couldn't take it. Like too many people getting on a boat and sinking it. The same thing happened a few

years before the comics with the psychedelic posters. There were a few good poster artists, and then every idiot who could buy a rapidograph was doing psychedelic posters. I think if you look at the price guide for underground comics you'll see like two thousand names, and believe me, I've been involved at the core of the motherfucker all these years, and I don't think five people made a fuckin' living off it.

■ **So what happened to the original Zap Comix artists?**

■ Well, we're still working on Zap—we've got a new Zap coming out. We just had our 20th Anniversary Zap party up in the Gallery in San Francisco—had a big party and all the artists got together, did a lot of character assassination, stayed up for three days fighting each other just like we were young hippies again...incredible. We don't make any fuckin' money off Zap. I think it's the challenge of doing it that keeps us together. You might not agree, but I think the quality of the stories is

still kept up.

■ **Well, we're wondering why your style—in oil paintings as well as cartoons—has changed from the tight and elaborate stuff you were doing in the 60's and 70's to the much looser stuff you've done recently?**

■ It's a lot more breezy...

■ **Yeah—how come?**

■ There are some very good reasons for this. I used to do very fine oil painting, very detailed oil painting. I was young and naive and I used to believe that to be a master painter, you just did a masterpiece. I didn't realize you didn't have to paint at all—you just have to know politics, know how to suck ass and wrangle your way and you don't have to do artwork at all. But in the course of a decade and a half of doing fine painting, I learned to paint, and I could get away with it. I used to paint with no peers or cohorts, I was just by myself trying to be a master painter, and everyone I knew had painted from abstract expressionism and



referred to me as "the illustrator" and hated my guts. Now I was doing the comics and still painting and I was selling these very time-consuming paintings for top fucking dollar—I was getting ten or twelve thousand dollars for these paintings, and this was fifteen, twenty years ago. So I've always done well. Even when the comics wouldn't support me, the oil paintings would, so I always made a living as a painter. But I could not get into galleries and I could not get any promotion and could not get into any movement at all because the paintings were so unlike anything else. Now there was a guy named Gary Panter who came along and started doing very fast paintings, and he was from an underground school of art. Gary was like the king of L.A. Gary is a friend of mine, but I could not get in at any of the venues that Gary was in at, because my work was too sophisticated and tight. He was in these bohemian fuckin' punk rock places and I couldn't show my stuff there. So I had to start hammering out very quick oil paintings that looked like they were just

shitted and secreted, to get in the underground shows with Gary. So I did forty paintings called *Zombie Mystery Paintings*, and that was the only way I could get shown. The paintings were sold sight unseen and they were all sold before they were even painted. I took orders for them. I had a list of buyers and I told them I'm coming out with a real nice set of paintings, \$1000 each, just put your name on the list. I did forty of 'em in just under two years. Since then my new paintings have got a lot more detail, they're a combination of what I used to do a long time ago, and the *Zombie* paintings.

■ *In the Zombie Mystery Paintings book, each painting is accompanied by pro and con pseudo-intellectual comments...*

■ It's a joke—I mean, how serious is fuckin' art? When you start getting serious about art you make a religion out of it.

■ ...but what was the actual reaction when the paintings were shown?

■ I had a show downtown here in L.A. at a gallery called LACE, and there are a lot of

Two-Fisted Buffoons

Museum Catalog Title: An Allegory Of Contradictions Revealing Serendipity Purveyors Of Mirth Presenting A Tableau Of Blood And Greasepaint In A Circusian Clash To The Death
Colloquial Title: Dueling Bimboes

feminists there, and I just upset people to the point of being a villain. It was a group show—the only way I got in was that it was a group show and I just kind of slipped in there. But boy, when I started bringing these paintings in, it started dawning on these women exactly what they'd be having to deal with for a month. This is a real famous gallery and they just fuckin' flipped. They've got a bookstore there and they wouldn't take my book, wouldn't handle it.

You know, in the 60's I had to put up with right-wing fundamentalists, but now I have to put up with left-wing feminists. I'm very sympathetic to the Womens' movement because I think women have gotten a rough deal all through time. I'm glad to see women starting to get a fair shake, but I think they're



Quest For Cholesterol
Museum Catalog Title: Transposing
 The Pleasure Of Dining Over The
 Basic Desire To Procreate, An
 Irrational Soul Confuses The Effects
 Of A Prostate Inflammation For A
 Gastrological Urge
Colloquial Title: 'Scarflin' For Love

like fucking going overboard. I've got women who want to shoot me and castrate me and I get this hate mail from women who want to kill me—seriously, there's one fucking town I don't think I'll ever want to go to because the women there want to kill me. The situation is ridiculous, fucking ridiculous. It's like these women don't have anything better to do.

But I was in a group show in Japan and I put the Zombie paintings there. I could never do a show in a big gallery or big public art museum here, but I did in Tokyo. Man, they loved those fucking paintings. But I don't know what to think about them. I get that Zombie book and look through 'em, and I think, 'Jesus Christ—you trying to pass this stuff off as art or something?' It makes my

own hairline recede when I look at that stuff.

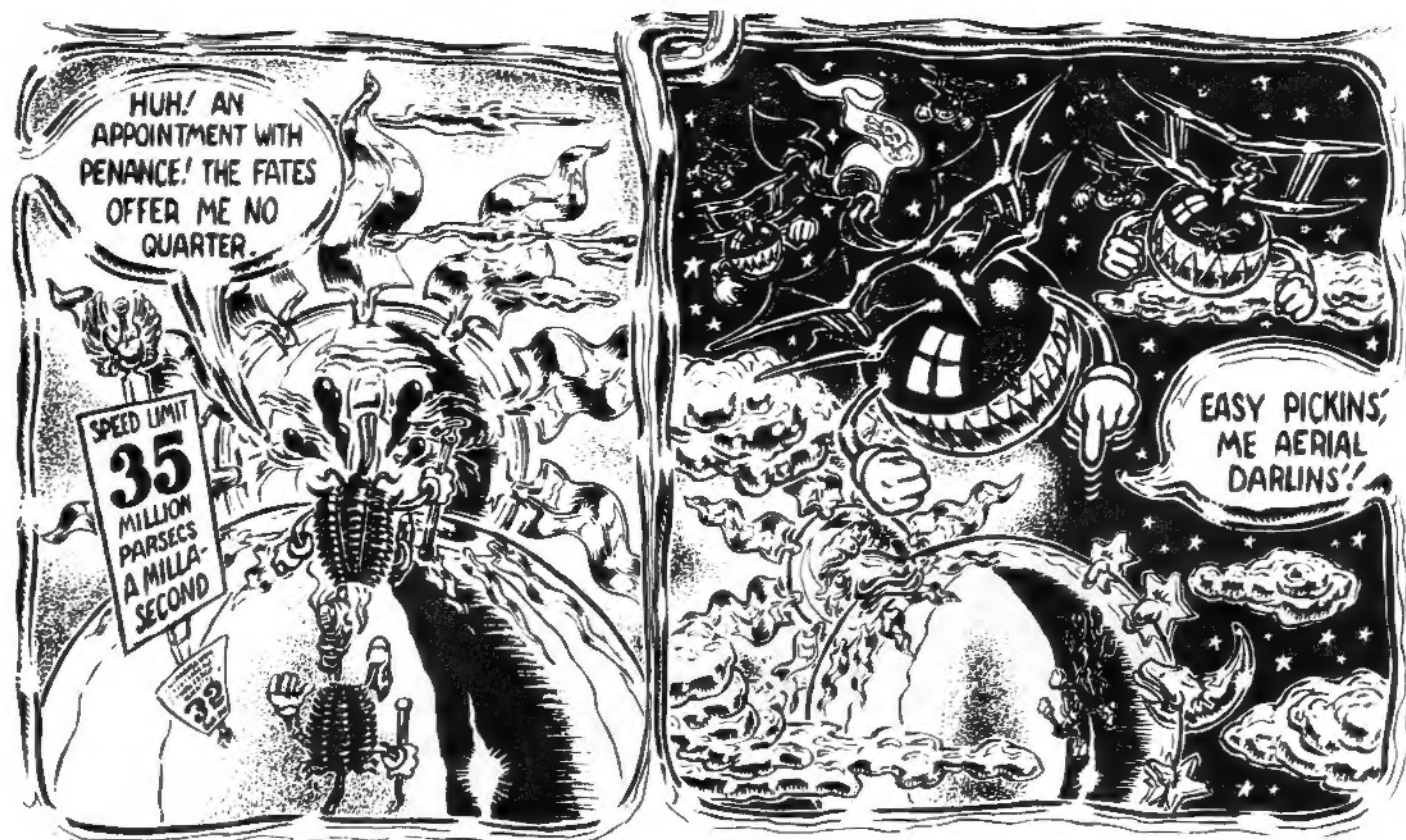
■ *We started talking about women...*

■ Yeah, women are like the basic beginning measurement of aesthetics, all judgements of beauty actually begin with women. That's where aesthetics come from. Different textures and everything else are all in contrast to women...and their asses, incredible asses. You know that sounds very sexist and of course it is sexist, but if you think society is going to get rid of it you're crazy as hell. If you think you're going to get all men to stop thinking of women as objects, and vice-versa, to get females to stop thinking of men as objects, you're fucking crazy. Because the key ingredient in sex is perplexion, question, mystery—your mind is continually trying to resolve an unresolvable puzzle. Actually, there's really nothing to sex except the existence of the mystery of it.

■ *How did you start doing album covers?*

■ I did a whole bunch of bootleg album covers a long time ago, and I always had the record people getting in touch with me about

album covers—at one time or another, I think every major record company has called me up or made some feelers to get me to do stuff. And how that all got started was I was doing the chrome stuff. I'm the first guy in history to do all this chrome psychedelic stuff. Everyone else got credit for it later—Peter Loyd got wealthy off it, some English character got well known—but I'm the asshole that started all of it. There was a guy that I took the job from at Roth's named Ed Newton, and he taught me how to do chrome, but he couldn't do it on any surface other than cars. Immediately it registered—man, I could put this stuff on women and wooden fence posts, and everything. I learned the key of how to make everything follow the laws of reflection, and started doing this, in about '66, '67, '68. Then it came out in *Zap*. One thing about *Zap Comix* was that it was like the cutting edge of graphics, so all these other people without imaginations had to buy this thing to rob out of and ease their thought and imagination impediments. 99% of the artists



Artillo Trilbolite traverses a world of chrome and quasi-poetry in this scene from Cootchie Cooty Men's Comics

today have got imagination impediments, and that's the problem with the entire art world, it's got imagination impediments. That's why art is so fuckin' boring today, they're trying to make art sophisticated by being boring—if it's boring it's sophisticated.

Anyway, I tried doing some album covers, but I'd always get them rejected or have some kind of problem with 'em—they were too underground or controversial. I did a lot of stuff for the Grateful Dead that they never used, and I just did an awful lot of stuff that none of these record companies used—they'd pay me off with kill fees and that was it. So I got to the point where I really avoided commercial art and record people—and movie people. There's not too much difference between movie executives and record executives, except I think record people are just a little more arrogant, they're just a little bit more arrogant assholes. You know, the swift characters that are going to pull off a fast deal, they're alive for the fast deal, and you're an expedient part of the hardware to do it with. I just fuckin' cringe.

Then these Guns 'n Roses people got in touch with me after hunting me down. I heard from San Francisco that they were looking for me so I avoided the fuck out of them, but somehow they got my home number and called me up, so I said all right, give me a grand and we'll do it. And I told them this is pretty rough subject material—this was like a year ago and I was really fighting these fuckin' women—you're going to get in a lot of trouble with this, why don't you come over to my house and go through what I've got and pick something that could be a little more

palatable for the general public. Because I remembered from working with the Grateful Dead—and this is a statement on the whole fuckin' record industry—the bottom line is that whatever you do with that album cover, it's got to be geared for a 14-year-old girl.

■ **Yeah?**

■ Yeah, that's who the whole record industry is aiming at. The fuckin' 14-year-old girl is the financial power in the record business. Like heavy metal may be tough stuff, but it's only that the boys say it's bitchin' and the 14-year-old girls hear about it. It's like a waterfall effect, it climbs back up like salmon.

■ **So anyway Guns 'n Roses came over...**

■ And they said "No, we just want this one thing." Well ok, sure. Then their agent said "Send a 4x5" color transparency over to Warner Brothers," so I sent that over there, and after I sent it over I talked to a friend who's an agent for commercial artists, and I told him about it. "You sent that to Warner Brothers? You know that's an all-women art department?" Oh fuck. So I call up the next day and I said, "Well, did you get that 4x5?" And the girl was real cool, she said, "I got that 4x5." "Well, you going to go through and use it or not?" She goes, "We're not touching it. We're not touching this project at all, we feel that it's very offensive." "Does this mean that the situation's over, that you're not going to use it?" "Oh no, it's going to be done by an out-of-house studio." So I'm not surprised that the cover was finally changed. I don't know, the Guns 'n Roses music is good heavy metal if you like that stuff, but I like

punk rock music.

■ **Who do you like?**

■ A whole fuckin' bunch of people. Like Fear and Black Flag and that bunch, but I also like people like the fuckin' Swans. One of the early bands I really liked was X-Ray Spex. I liked them a lot. That's my favorite kind of music. I listen to classical music and I listen to punk music, but I hate jazz, and I'll tell you why. I listened to rock and roll when it first came out. Before rock and roll it used to be called bop, I really liked bop. Then it was rock and roll and I really liked rock. About 1958 or '59 rock and roll just went fuckin' stale or something, it just fuckin' died and I was right at that age when I needed it the most. I was entering my beatnik phase in life so I started listening to a lot of fuckin' jazz, 'cause rock and roll had gone down the toilet. It was like Dave Brubeck and a lot of good jazz relative to what rock and roll was around. And then rock and roll started a marvelous comeback—it was really great, the music was like a renaissance in rock and roll, and after I got the good life back in me from rock and roll, I could never go back to the morose fuckin' Greek tragedies of jazz. Off and on I've tried to go back and listen to jazz, but it's too fuckin' morose for me. It affects me the same way as listening to country western music. It's full of simple-minded people with tragedies anyone could avoid. I had so many friends that were on heroin, laid out on their backs listening to jazz, that anytime I hear any jazz I think of my dumbass friends sloped out somewhere, just absorbing time from their lives.

■ **What do you listen to when you**



SEE THE INCREDIBLE MADAM MANERVA SIT ON THE WORLD'S FACE



work?

■ If I do real tight stuff I listen to classical music, but I generally just like to listen to real rough punk rock music. It keeps me fuckin' generated and charged like a fuckin' wild ox.

■ You said earlier that the punk artists lost a lot of ground that you original underground cartoonists gained.

■ Yeah, that's hard for me to explain. You see, in the 60's we started doing some pretty rough material. We started getting rougher and rougher, and when comics would get busted we just kept fighting it by pumping out more fuckin' filthy comics. The more people would get busted, the more we'd do, so that the government would get the feeling that this was an open floodgate—they weren't even going to start to stop it. This was during the Vietnam war and we just had a tremendous amount of resentment for any form of authority. *Zap* #4 got busted tremendously in New York, San Francisco, and L.A.—I think something like 150 newsdealers got popped in New York, another 75 in San Francisco, and 75 in L.A. There were an awful lot of people busted and court cases went on for a long time over the different stories in there. So that's when we really started pushing stuff like *Snatch* and *Jis*, and those little comics. The ultimate filthiest one of all was one called *Felch*, and "felch" means to suck the sperm out of someone's anus after they've been comholed. It's an actual sex act—I don't know if it comes from the gay community or from old sailors or where.

■ Who came up with that one?

■ Well (S.Clay) Wilson got it from Ken Weaver of the Fugs, and I heard the word and I said "Man, we're doing a book on that." I was the editor of the *Felch*, I'm the guy who put the *Felch* together, I'm the one who rounded up all the artwork and got it to the publisher. So time went by. There's a comic distributor here in town named George DiCaprio, and he distributes all underground comics and books in southern California. George had a store down here in Long Beach get busted on account of the comics, so all the rest of his shops that he distributes to refused to take any more comics until they saw the outcome of that trial. So George went down with a lawyer and the store owner and the clerk, and they were sitting outside the judge's place there. Apparently the prosecution had an example of each one of the comics there, and apparently they were going to base the entire case on that *Felch*, which was undisputedly the filthiest in the world. And apparently someone hanging around the prosecutor's office dug through there and stole that little comic book, figuring no one would miss it. Anyway George stood outside there and all he could hear was the judge and prosecutor yelling "Where's the *Felch*? Where's the *Felch*?" They couldn't find the *Felch* and the case was dropped, and all the stores went back to buying George's comics.

We had an awful lot of worry, right up 'til about 1972. We honestly thought this with the greatest sincerity, and thousands of people that were in the underground and bohemian



Muzzy, the not-so-lovable Dunce from Zap Comix #9

thought this too: if the Vietnam war was going to turn any more sour than it was, they were going to start rounding up dissidents. They'd already started reconditioning the Japanese interment camps out there in the desert. And I had already dodged the draft and put up a big stink because I wasn't going to fight in the fuckin' war, so my ass was up for grabs. I worked for Roth and the FBI was watching him, so I was on the list for that. I was doing underground comics, so I was on the list for that. My ass was like really fuckin' up for grabs. We all felt that we were going to an interment camp if something really bad happened, so it was like a fight. We were scared, we were cutting ground, we were like fuckin' partisans fighting a cold war in our country. I mean we were like fucking nervous, I don't know how to express this to you, but we were scared. It was a conscious thing, we were fighting a front, and putting out these dirty fuckin' comics was just like bullets and guns to us. We made territory and we beat back the law.

Okay, time goes by and the Vietnam war is over, we get to be a little older and not important anymore, and the young generation comes up on the same groundwork that we broke, giving us no fucking credit, walking on the stepping stones that we laid, thinking that they're fucking inventing the wheel anew. It's okay if the younger generation steals our credit, but when they don't keep the situation pushed back, like we did—and that's what we did, we kept the fuckin' doors open and the laws liberal. Well you get Gary Panter and these other people that came in there, and the oppression just was not there, because we pushed it back. But they didn't know why it wasn't there because they'd never faced it. I mean all these punk rockers had never thought about ever being rounded up and shot, taken out in the desert and disappearing. They'd

never had to worry about that. They just knew they weren't going to get a home and a television like they wanted, so they had to revolt and worry about their own personal suicide. So in that respect the punk rock movement, as far as cartooning goes, was really kind of pathetic. But the comics and cartoons of the punk rockers turned cartoons closer into art than the undergrounds were.

■ Yeah?

■ Yeah, I used to be involved with people who did posters and album covers in the 60's, and even exalted as we were, we were no more than the asshole who drew the label on a bottle—a commercial hack. The rock and rollers were like the fuckin' gods, and we could be friends with them and everything, but we had no chance of ever being equals to them. But this isn't true, come along Gary Panter. Gary Panter got more famous than most of the goddamn punk rockers. Gary is one of the pioneers and really deserves a lot of credit, and exactly like Crumb, when he did something a thousand people followed him. But none of them figured that you have to get out there and fight to do stories the way you want to do them. The people who were doing punk rock comics would not fight to do what the hell they wanted. *Raw* is a perfect example. *Raw* is a very censored, trendy publication, it's the backbone of modern trendy new wave art, and it's as conservative as it could be.

■ Anything else we need to know?

■ I'm currently involved with a group of artists—Mark Mothersbaugh, Georganne Deen, Byron Werner, Neon Park, and Gary Panter. We've got a form of an art school. It's formalized, but it's not a closed thing where you have to be Mr. Hip to be in it. We're just trying to get enough momentum going where we can make a living and other people can too.



"THIS AIN'T NO HEART-FEEL SHIT.."

Although Halo of Flies circle that pile of shit more affectionately known as Minneapolis, you wouldn't know it, because unlike the Twin Cities' many better-known, action-length-haired, and flannel-shirted sons, The Halos rock out and stink in a way that the nation's new-wave frat guys just don't dig. Which is a good thing. Led by former U.S.M.C. Lance Corporal and "Jimi Hendrix had big fingers"-style guitarist Tom Hazelmeyer, Halo of Flies has kicked out a long string of tasty-but-unobtainable limited-run 7"s, as well as a couple just-as-loud-but-not-so-rare 12"s since the band formed in '85. "I'm not sure what Halo of Flies is trying to do," says Hazelmeyer, "I think we're trying to rock." I think you'd best open your nose and sniff their noise, malakas....

■ **MOTORBOOTY:** I know it's an easy question, but why in the world did you join the Marines?

■ **HAZELMEYER:** Aw FUCK!

■ Well look, I know it's an easy question and you have every right to be sick of it, but I've got to ask it anyway.

■ Oh. I was just saying "Aw fuck" 'cause I just dumped over an overloaded ashtray onto the carpet. Anyway, joining the Marines...I wanted to piss off a lot of people—not that they cared. But it was the ol' thumb-nosed routine at the whole Minneapolis scene. I pretty much just wanted to get the hell out of Minneapolis. I also wanted to get out of a

sheltered life. A lot of people in underground scenes don't realize how far removed they are from real life because they pick all their friends and all their own activities. I wanted to get out of that and actually see what was really going on, as opposed to living in dreamland Minneapolis.

■ **How did the people in your platoon react to you?**

■ A few people were thinking the usual marine reaction—"He's gotta be a queer—he drives a pink Cadillac and he doesn't listen to Lynyrd Skynyrd." There was a real mixed bag there. A lot of born-again, a lot of rednecks, normal joes. You don't see a lot of people there that mommy and daddy can afford to send to college.

■ **So you recorded the records on your leaves?**

■ I'd fly back to Minneapolis with the material written and we'd have two weeks to rehearse and record it.

■ **So you'd get back to your bunkhouse with a stack of 45's and brag, "Look what I did on leave"?**

■ Not too often. Aside from a few friends that I know, I really don't like playing anything of my own to anybody I know isn't going to understand it. It just makes life simpler.

■ **Did the Marines give each other swirlies? I just envision something like overnight camp where there was always one kid who'd bring his teddy bear and brag about the open heart surgery he had when he was one.**

Everyone would always try to flush his teddy bear down the toilet.

■ I've got a great story along those lines. This happened to my older brother who's also in the Marines. There was a guy in the squadron—feeble, hated by everyone. The guy tried to kill himself with a .22. All it did was leave a hole in his head that wouldn't heal. He'd tag along with my brother and his friends when they were out in Japan getting drunk. Finally they kept feeding him drinks until he passed out, and then they took turns trying to piss in the hole. The best part was that after it happened he thought he had been initiated and proceeded to tag along that much more.

We had a roommate once who we didn't like. He came in drunk and throwing up and decided he was going to climb into his rack, which was above mine. We said "No dice" and made him sleep out on this catwalk outside the window. When he passed out we shaved off his eyebrows, put shaving cream in his hair, urinated on him—the whole deal. The funny part was, after we were doing it, he decided to get pissed and jumped up, and naturally everyone started running the opposite way. Not out of fear of him, but out of fear of being touched by somebody covered in vomit and shaving cream.

■ **So the next day he wakes up with no eyebrows. What's the drill sergeant's reaction?**

■ They pretty much stay out of it unless the M.P.s or the Shore Patrol become involved. Unless that happens, they don't give a shit.

■ **Is the Marine/prostitute thing as**

“THIS IS HALO FLIES!”

INTERVIEWED BY DANNY PLOTNICK



big as it appears to be?

■ Not in the States so much. In the Philippines definitely. If you're over in the Philippines where women are five dollars and cheaper for the night, you tend to get a little indulgent.

■ *Are drugs big in the Marines?*

■ No, not at all. My brother said that when he went in 1980 it was still really intense. Just mass abuse of any substance. But then they started piss testing. The whole time I was in I only knew of a handful of people that would even bother with drugs. It really wasn't worth the potential trouble. You could get away with doing acid, but the one thing you couldn't get away with was smoking pot, which is the major thing for most people. I still knew a few people that would fuck with it, but if you got popped on a piss test you're talking three months in the brig, or in your room, where you'd have to check in with the duty officer every half hour, and if you don't you're fucked. They take anywhere from a couple hundred to five hundred to a whole month's pay as a fine.

■ *What's the best over-the-counter buzz for your money?*

■ M.D., definitely. Any of the fortified wines. That's not any front bullshit, that's something I've been doing since I was a kid. It's two dollars, you can't top that. Two dollars and you're set for the night.

■ *Are you a big Boone's Farm fan?*

■ Never really dabbled, 'cause it's only 8% alcohol. I'd rather go with Thunderbird or Night Train—that's up to 18-19%. More for

your money.

■ *So what's life like beyond the Marines?*

■ I've got a new job that I've got to get up at six A.M. for. I'm a security guard for an empty building. It's a pretty intense job.

■ *Is it really?*

■ No.

■ *Do you ever regret joining the Marine Corps?*

■ No. The only thing that came close to regret was that after my second year it was getting redundant. I had pretty much done what I wanted to do, so for the last year and a half I was just biding my time. If I had to do it over I would've just gone in for three years as opposed to four. But other than that, no. I would've never gone to Seattle. It was definitely worth it for that. There's a lot of cool people there. The difference between Minneapolis and Seattle is the assholes. Your assholes in Minneapolis are wearing pony tails and tie dye and literally sitting on street corners playing acoustic guitars for quarters and listening to the Grateful Dead. Whereas the asshole crowd in Seattle is glam-oriented, which for some reason I find more palatable. My friends weren't the glam type, but I'm talkin' about the crowd one despises. The crowd I despised in Seattle I didn't despise with half the contempt as the one in Minneapolis. There's no excuse for trying to be a hippie. I don't know about other people, but that's why I got into punk in the first place. That whole general ideology. It's come full circle. I'm surprised they don't start

making candles.

■ *Are you into politics at all?*

■ To a degree, but I don't mix it in with Halos. I think anyone who does mix in politics will piss and moan about capitalism, and what's their music but a billboard for some bullshit Marxist crap that never works. I never understood why everyone in the whole underground culture embraces the same ideology, which is a crock of shit if you pick it apart. I go off about the left wing because that's what all those people are trying to push down my throat. The reason I go on more about the left is because everyone can see the faults with the right. But they don't see that the same thing goes on under a left-wing government. Like with Democrats and Republicans—what do you want? Economic freedom or civil liberties? I'm saying, "Why can't we have both?"

■ *Getting back to this Minneapolis thing...Do you get offended when people say "Halo of Flies, they're another great Minneapolis band."?*

■ Yeah, definitely. I'm not an easy person to insult, but....After we got on Twin/Tone somebody mentioned that we sounded like a Twin/Tone band, and that definitely struck a raw nerve. The whole thing here is pathetic and those bands have made it even more pathetic.

■ *I've heard you express your disgust for flannel shirts...*

■ Not necessarily for flannel shirts, but for the ideology behind them. It's a Minneapolis thing: "These are the clothes I put on this



Not necessarily stoned, but beautiful: Anglim, Hazelmeyer, McLaughlin

morning when I woke up and now I'm jumping on stage wearing the same clothes!" It was fun at first, and I can't totally slam it because I did the same thing five or six years ago, but it's like anything else—the whole anti-trend becoming the trend.

■ **What do people in Minneapolis think of Halo of Flies?**

■ Their usual response is "Halos who?"

■ **Now what if someone said you sounded like a Seattle band?**

■ That depends on how they said it. Seattle's pretty diverse. If they meant the "Seattle Sound" that everyone's been going on about I wouldn't necessarily appreciate it, but it wouldn't bother me so much.

■ **And if someone said you sounded like a college rock band?**

■ It'd be probably five, six times worse than being considered a Minneapolis band. But then again, what's the difference? I have no love for the college radio scene. Doing Amphetamine Reptile Records, I get five college playlists a day, and it's like "When are these fuckers gonna get it in their heads? I'm not sending them any records!" We're only doing a small amount of records. If your stuff is good you're not going to have a problem moving four to eight hundred records. I haven't had any problems, and we get good press on the U-Men and the Throwups. The only time you need college radio is when you're doing upwards of three, four thousand records.

■ **Do the Halos see themselves selling that much of their own stuff?**

■ Definitely. I've been a hardcore capitalist since as long as I can remember. I'm not going to change the sound. I'll do what I want sound-wise, but I'm going to take my finished product and milk it for as much money as I can. I've got no qualms about that. I'd rather be sitting in my Caddy than riding my bike around.

■ **Your Snapping Black Roscoe Bottles 45 is a cheap reference to an old scandal involving Fatty Arbuckle. What has Halo of Flies done that will immortalize it in the big slag sheets of the near future?**

■ Nothing yet. Just your usual kind of drug or High School stories.

■ **How about a High School story?**

■ Ay, getting into the dirt. Look, I've got the memory of a fuckin' lab rat.

■ **All right, skip it, pretend I never asked. Rumor has it your Dad knows Jim Bakker?**

■ Didn't know him, just went to High School with him. Actually, I've got a new scandal that is no bullshit that I got from my Mom and Dad. This isn't "I heard it from so-and-so who heard it from so-and-so." This was the talk of the town that they lived in. Jim Bakker, when he was seventeen, was skipping out of church and was backing his car out in a hurry and hit some little kid on

his bike and killed him. I'm surprised no one has dug that up. And you can call my parents up for confirmation on that one.

■ **Okay, we will.**

As of press time, **MOTORBOOTY** correspondent J. Green is still investigating this story. More details next issue.

HALO OF FLIES DISCOGRAPHY

- ◆ Rubber Room/Thoughts In a Booth/ 3 More Quarters (Amphetamine Reptile, Jan. '86)
- ◆ Snapping Black Roscoe Bottles 45 (Amphetamine Reptile, March '86)
- ◆ Circling The Pile That Sits By Your Mind's Eye, Insect Karma Is Based On It 7" (Amphetamine Reptile, Aug. '86)
- ◆ Richie's Dog/ How Does It Feel To Feel? (Amphetamine Reptile, May '87)
- ◆ Garbage Rock 12" (Twin/Tone, Oct. '87)
- ◆ No Time 45 (Amphetamine Reptile, Sept. '88)
- ◆ Headburn 12" (Twin/Tone '88)
- ◆ "Rubber Room" appears on the *Big Hits of the Midwest* Compilation, and "Insecticide Stomp" appears on the *Dope, Guns, and Fucking In the Streets* Compilation (Amphetamine Reptile Records, 2636 Lyndale Ave. So. #4, Minneapolis MN, 55408)

LIFE'S A SELL

CHAPTER CCMXII

©1988 BY
MATT
GROANING

HOW TO BE ANOTHER BORING SYNDICATED CARTOONIST

Q: DO YOU HAVE TO KNOW HOW TO DRAW?



CARTOONING IS SO EASY, EVEN A MORON CAN DO IT!

DEVELOP A FORMULA

- 1 START WITH SIMPLE, CUTESY, CHARACTERS
- 2 ADD TRITE 'N CYNICAL CAPTIONS!
- 3 SPEND AS LITTLE TIME DRAWING AS POSSIBLE! THAT WAY YOU'LL HAVE MORE TIME FOR MARKETING YOUR CHARACTERS!



Q: DO YOU HAVE TO COME UP WITH FRESH STUFF EVERY WEEK?



OF COURSE NOT! YOU CAN GET BY FOR YEARS ON THE SAME JOKE! JUST CHANGE THE "THEME" EVERY COUPLE OF MONTHS. HERE ARE SOME SAMPLE "THEMES":

- "LOVE IS HELL"
- "WORK IS HELL"
- "SCHOOL IS HELL"
- "MEDIOCRITY IS HELL"
- "ENNUI IS HELL"
- "CARTOONING IS HELL"
- "RUNNING OUT OF IDEAS IS HELL"

THEN COLLECT THE CARTOONS ON EACH "THEME" IN A PAPERBACK BOOK AND SELL IT!



Q: WILL PEOPLE BUY ANYTHING?

A: YES!

Q: WILL YOUR COMIC STRIP PROVIDE A MUCH-NEEDED ALTERNATIVE TO ALL THE OTHER LOUSY SYNDICATED COMIC STRIPS?



COPPING OUT

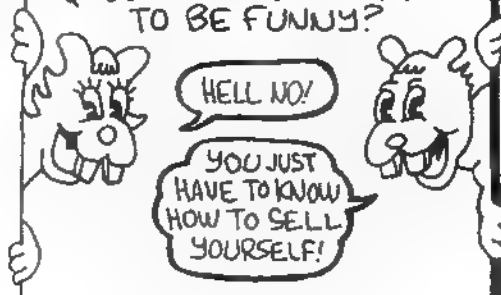
NO MATTER HOW EASY YOU MAKE THINGS FOR YOURSELF, THERE WILL COME A DAY WHEN YOU CAN'T MAKE THE DEADLINE! THAT'S WHEN THE XEROX MACHINE IS YOUR BEST FRIEND! WHY DRAW A PAGE WHEN YOU CAN XEROX ONE?



CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING TO DRAW THIS WEEK? JUST XEROX LAST WEEK'S CARTOON AND CHANGE THE CAPTION!



Q: DO YOU EVEN HAVE TO BE FUNNY?



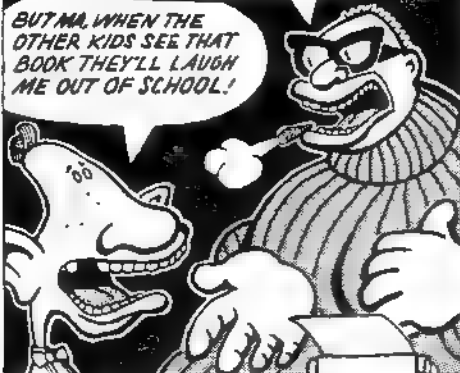
DOMBS AWAY, GREAT DISTAID

THE STORY OF 2 LONG-SUFFERING LOVE-CHILD AND HIS RENEGADE EPIDIDYMIS



THE HELL IT ISN'T! NOW RUN ALONG TO YOUR PROM— CAN'T YOU SEE I'M WRITING AN EXPOSÉ ABOUT YOUR DEGENERATE DAD? THE WHOLE WORLD'S GOING TO KNOW ABOUT YOU, AND I'M GOING TO BE RIDICULOUSLY RICH!

BUT MA, WHEN THE OTHER KIDS SEE THAT BOOK THEY'LL LAUGH ME OUT OF SCHOOL!



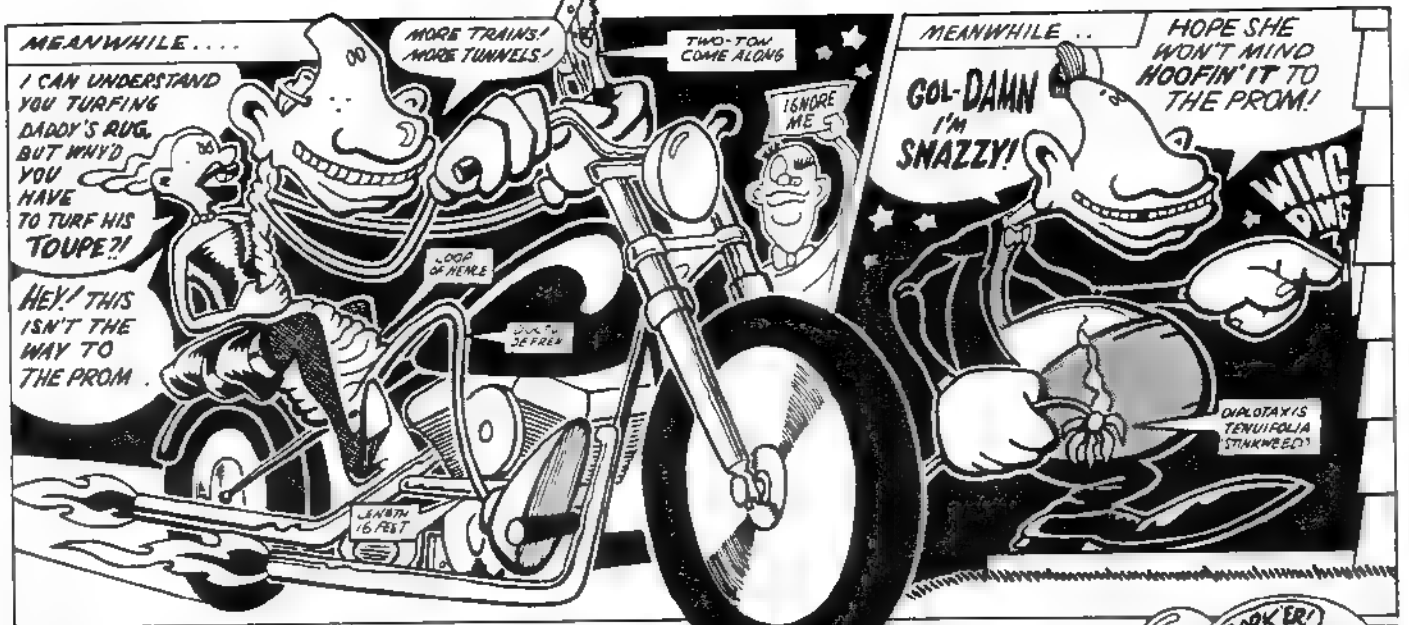
AH, DON'T BE A WUSS! YOU'LL GET USED TO IT! NOW HAIL YOUR PRECIOUS LI'L ASS OUT OF MY SIGHT, EL PRONTO!



LESSE... I'LL CALL IT "BEGOTTEN NOT MADE: THE POPE'S SECRET SON." NAW, TOO GENTILE.

HEY MA, MY LUCKY TWO-TOM COME-ALONG IS MISSIN' TOO, AND SO'S YOUR HARLEY....





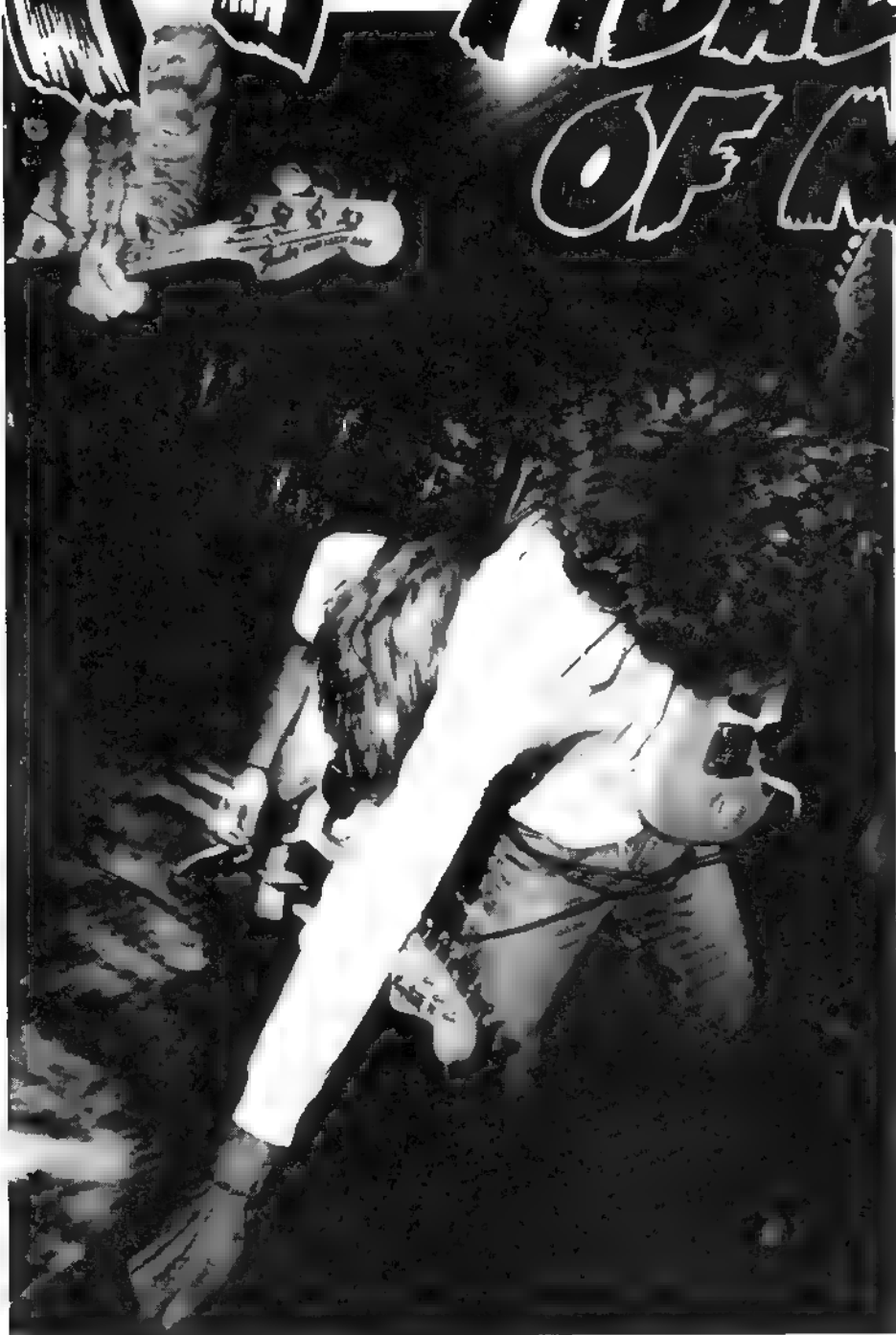




MUDHONEY'S TIDAL WAVE OF NOISE

BY BARRY
HENSSLER

Let's face it, the current state of independent music is shit city. Shocking words to the dorm ridden dork sniffs that make up the bulk of this mag's readership, but 'tis true. Where's the excitement, y'all? No-fuckin'-where, and if your idea of music with punch and fury is something like _____ (fill in this week's band that plays loud, *but just can't fuckin' play*), then trudge up to your room and crank up your Pussy Galore records, faggot, cuz you're wrong. Here's who has been exciting in 1988: Prince (Yeah, I know, your mom likes him, so he can't be good, right? Fuck you), White Zombie (Yeah I know they can't play, but they *can't play* a thousand times better than anyone else), and Halo of Flies (It bewilders the hell outta me how T. Hazelmeyer can write such medulla-melting riffage, yet be from such a shit-swamp locale as Minneapolis. Oh yeah, I forgot he's originally from Michigan. That explains everything). The only other bright glimmer is every release so far from Seattle's Sub Pop records. I'd say that Sub Pop is America's most vital independent label, but that'd be the equivalent of saying that a Maserati is faster than a Pacer. Word up: the competition is nil, a.n't shit, in a word y'all: Snoozlevania. Sub Pop is so far ahead of the game that it's not funny, because the bands on Sub Pop do it *right*. They've come to the conclusion that there is only one way to play the guitar: through a Marshall stack with the master volume broken off at "ten". It'd be unfair and wrong to say that there is a "Sub Pop sound," although it wouldn't be wrong to say that these bands (The Fluid, Green River, Sound Garden, Swallow, Blood Circus, Tad, Mudhoney) all glance in a similar direction.



"We're into 'retox'"



PHOTOS BY CHARLES PETERSON

Mark Arm: "Everyone I know is bored. There's nothing exciting to do. We watch a lot of T.V."

Of course there's the inevitable MC5/Stooges tag, but when I mentioned Mike Davis to Mudhoney's Mark Arm, he had no idea who I was talking about. That pretty much sums up the MC5/Stooges influence—it's there, but it's not a big deal. It's just a reference point for retards who expect one. In fact, Arm listens to a whole lot of Neil Young and Crazy Horse as well, but you don't hear a strip of it in their sound.

So where do Mudhoney fit into the Sub Pop stable? Well they're the most stripped down and raw of the bunch. It's obvious from listening to 'em that they know *how* to play, but they also know what *not* to play (a concept Green River was rapidly forgetting.)

Here's some history, and as boring as all background/bio-type stuff is, we gotta have it. Green River crooner Mark Arm was just sick of the whole Green River thang. As much of an ass kicker that their *Rehab Doll* is, it's pretty obvious that the rest of the band was clouded with arena rock visions, leaving Mark as the only one with any pure (as in dirty) vision left. The rest of Green River are now racing towards Def Leppardom with a new outfit called Mother Love Bone, while Mark and first-generation Green River axe man Steve Turner have formed Mudhoney. Turner left Green River after 85's *Come On Down* E.P. ("Cuz the music sucked," sez he), and went on to join the even-dumber Thrownups. Arm and Turner picked bassist Matt Lukin for

obvious reasons; he was in the Melvins, a band so amazing that if you are penis-less enough not to be acquainted with them, immediate rectification via their *Gluey Porch Treatments* LP is mandatory. That band oozed basso profundo back to front. If the Swans forgot the word "art" and replaced it with the word "KISS," you'd pretty much have the Melvins. Drummer Danny Peters was/is in a band called Bundle of Hiss, and since he's just a drummer not much needs to be said. Enough fuckin' history.

Mark Arm's got some crazy idea that Mudhoney's stuff is pop music in a way, "but noisy and retarded at the same time." And he's not really that far off in his self-description. It's pop run through a Half-Japanese filter. It's got melody, but that melody is pushed way into the fuckin' red, to distortion levels that wusses like the Jesus and Mary Chain can only dream about. Kinda like playing Chopin's "Nocturne" with sledgehammers. Mudhoney are noisy, but it's noise as a matter of course, rather than noise as an accessory (as practiced by the bevy of limey outfits who've heard Sonic Youth once and have never gotten over it). "We're trying to bring noise back," says Arm. "We're just trying to bring back a kind of tidal wave of noise."

Apart from the tragically out-of-tune "24" on a recent Amphetamine Reptile compilation, Mudhoney has only released one single: "Touch Me I'm Sick" b/w "Sweet

Young Thing Ain't Sweet No More," and surprise, surprise, it's on mud-colored vinyl. "Touch Me I'm Sick" sounds like a dusted Bo Diddley kickin' out an adrenalized, 3 a.m. version of "Diamond Ring," while the flip sounds like the hung-over Bo relatin' a tale of one of his under-aged ladies and her parental problems. The guitar on this baby's got the gain kicked up to about twelve. Don't bother lookin' for this slab of wax, though, since only about nine were pressed. However, Mudhoney's finest studio moment, "Slidin' In and Out of Grace," has yet to be unleashed. It's cock rock without perms: imagine the Stooges and Blue Cheer jammin' a sideways rendition of "No Fun." From music to lyrics it's easily one of the best songs ever written, a future piece of vinyl that should be put in the hands of each infant immediately upon emerging from Mammy's clam. It'll be included on their upcoming E.P., *Superfuzz Bigmuff*. Other wax plans include a Sonic Youth collaboration, with the Youth covering a 'Honey tune, and vice-versa. Like the feedtime/King Snake Roost joint project, it could rock or it could suck, but regardless it ought to win Mudhoney the hearts of folks nationwide. At the very least it'll instill butt-worship by college radio drips, and as pathetic as that is, it's pretty imperative.

If it wasn't for Sub Pop, there would be no reason to buy records. And since I'm on the Sub Pop mailing list, I no longer have to.



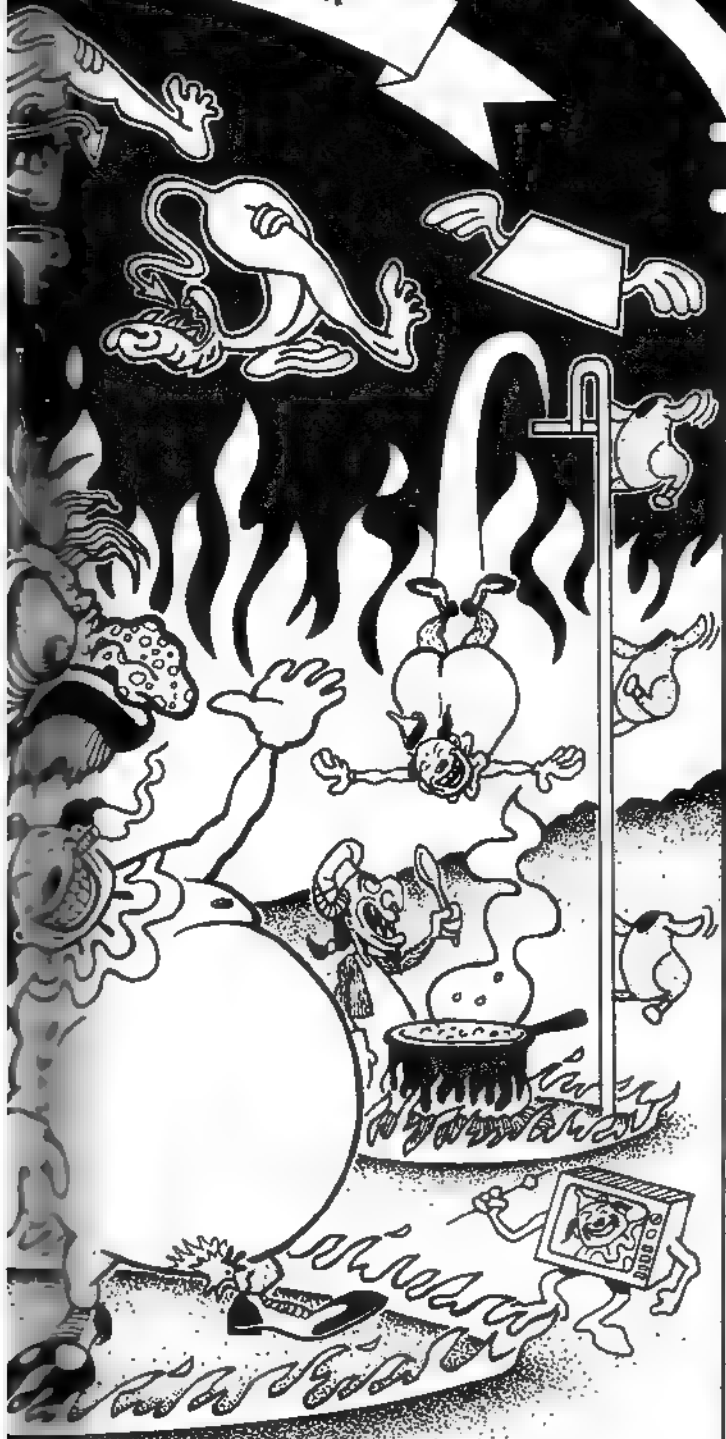
Purgatorio



Whoopsie, The D

Inferno

Divine Comedian



Inferno



Paradiso

OF PINHEADS AND POULTRY

an expensive
long-distance
conversation
with Markie
of the

RAMONES



Of course you've heard of The Ramones by now, so we can skip the introductions. Markie, the band's second drummer, was in the group from 1978 to 1983, left, and came back in '87.....

■ **Hi, could I speak to Markie Ramone?**

■ Look, could you do me a favor? I'm in the middle of washing my dog. Do ya think you could call me back in an hour?

■ **Uh...yeah, sure. No problem.**

◆◆◆◆◆

■ **Hi, I'm calling from MOTORBOOTY, could I speak to Markie Ramone?**

■ How's it goin'?

■ **Good. How was the dog washing?**

■ Pretty good, except now it smells like a wet dog, which is a pretty disgusting thing. In fact I think it smells worse now, but what can you do?

■ **It seems like the Ramones play faster and faster every time I see you. What's up? Does it seem like you're playing faster now than when you left the band in '83?**

■ Yeah, well we are playing faster. Kids today are just stupider than they were five years ago, and I don't mean for that to sound negative, but they think faster means better. I think it comes from being weaned on that hardcore junk they listen to, although I also think we're partly responsible. I think a lot of hardcore bands couldn't be the Ramones, so they just played faster and came up with crazy names like "Bad Brains." Anyway, we play faster now, 'cause that's what the kids want and who are we to argue? I mean, we've been playing the same songs for 13 years now, so it doesn't matter to us whether we play 'em fast or slow. If the kids want it fast, we'll play it fast.

■ **After you left, did you keep in contact with the Ramones?**

■ Yeah, after I left I was still chummy with Joey and he always let me know what was going on with the band. When I heard what happened with the other drummer (Richie), I thought "Why let the whole ship sink?" Clem Burke, the replacement drummer, wasn't working out. He was Blondie's drummer. He's a friend of ours, but he just couldn't play Ramones style, and besides, "Clemmy" is a stupid name. The kids wouldn't stand for it. So instead of auditioning all these drummers, they just asked me back, and I said "Sure, why not?"

■ **So what happened with the other drummer?**

■ Well, they were really just fed up with him. He wasn't quite Ramones material, and when it came to his girlfriend he was just too herpecked to have around. I guess things really came to a head when he tried to deep-freeze himself after she dumped him for about the thirtieth time. Don't print this, but I guess she wouldn't answer his calls or his letters, so one night in the middle of the winter he walked over to her house in his skivvies and planted himself on her doorstep, hoping she'd find him frozen solid when she came home and



Markie Ramone with the Sam Kinison of the hate generation

feel sorry for him. But she didn't come back and after a few minutes he got too cold and headed home like a complete dork. It's hard to live that sort of thing down, so ultimately they had to leave him behind.

■ **When you started drumming with the Ramones on Road to Ruin, was it weird having Tommy Ramone, the person you replaced, in the studio as the producer? He didn't try to fuck up your drum sound at all, did he?**

■ Well he didn't mess with my drum sound any, but he was always doin' stuff like putting tacks on my stool and putting super glue on my drum sticks. But Joey sat him down and told him if he didn't stop jerkin' around he'd make sure that Tommy would never produce anybody but crybaby bands like the Replacements.

■ **About the Rock n' Roll High School movie you did with P.J. Soles—what was she like?**

■ Sexy, cute, very intelligent. Sort of weird though. Before each shoot she'd down a couple limburger cheese melts. At first we thought she was mental, but then Paul Bartel told us she was afraid we might come on to her or something and she was just trying to make herself unappealing in a way that wouldn't mess up her looks.

■ **Who decided stuff like that Dee Dee would be standing in the shower during the bathroom scene and you'd be standing outside? Didn't everybody want the spot in the shower?**

■ Well actually nobody wanted the spot in the shower. It gets back to the limburger thing. Her mouth smelled like a garbage truck. You can actually notice in the film, though it's much more obvious in the out-takes—the

hesitation with which people move towards her. Dee Dee got stuck in the shower with her 'cause he's got the worst sense of smell in the band.

■ **After the movie, did you get the acting bug?**

■ A little. In fact, a short time later some advertising execs got a hold of us. I guess they had seen the movie and thought we were pretty cool or something. So anyway, they called us up and asked Joey if he would sing the Flintstones theme for a Cocoa Pebbles commercial. Joey said sure, but the night before the session he ate too many boxes of the stuff for dinner and we couldn't wake him for days. So I went down to the studio figuring they wouldn't know the difference. And they didn't. It took me like forty seconds to do. I knew the jingle from growing up as a kid. They gave me five hundred bucks and a year's supply of Cocoa Pebbles. Funny thing though, they only lasted three months.

■ **Did anyone know it was you?**

■ No. It never ran. The corporate execs were pretty horrified about my voice just yelling, but what do they know?

■ **Are you planning on doing any singing on Ramones records in the near future?**

■ I'm gonna try to do some harmony on the next album and I might write a few songs. A lot of people don't know this, but I wrote the "Ba ba ba" part on "I Wanna Be Sedated."

■ **There are a lot of stories about what went on in the studio when Phil Spector produced End Of The Century. What was Phil Spector like?**

■ I think Phil Spector's great. He's a nice guy. He had a few personal problems, but I think he's one of a kind, and that all producers



The better half of the Ramones?

owe him something in one way or another. If it wasn't for someone like him who came along in those days when there was nothing else around, who would new producers be able to build from? He was really ahead of his time.

■ *The Ramones have quite a few songs about freaks and they've often appeared in the band's artwork. What's the attraction? See too many snakeboy and pig woman exhibits as children?*

■ Well none of us actually know any real freaks, but there was this one lady who used to clean Joey's apartment who had this weird disease that made her arms shrink. Every time she came back, her arms would be a little smaller, until it looked like all she had left were these little lobster claws. Joey had to fire

her 'cause she wasn't a very good housekeeper any more. Then her husband, who sounded and looked like Mr. Haney from Green Acres, offered to sell her for eighty-five cents. "She's still got great tits!" the old guy kept yelling, but Joey said he wouldn't pay more than fifty. What a kidder.

■ *I might have dreamt this, but I could swear I saw the Ramones on Sha Na Na a few years ago.*

■ Yeah, we were on *Sha Na Na*. They asked us to come on the show and we said "Sure, why not?" So we flew out to California and did "Rock 'n Roll High School" on the show. They got a lot of letters saying how good it was.

■ *It just seems weird because your typical Sha Na Na audience isn't your*

typical Ramones audience

■ Well it was really a lot of fun, except for that Bowser character. He wanted to dress up like Ronnie Spector and have "Baby I Love You" sung to him by Joey. He stomped off the set during rehearsal when we told him that if he didn't shut up we couldn't be responsible for what the Pinhead would do to his face. Afterwards we found him in our dressing room wearing one of Joey's Harley Davidson T-shirts, and he was sitting there giggling with a pair of Joey's jockey shorts over his head. Don't ask me why. Anyway we threw him out, but he kept trying to give the damn things back. What a weirdo.

■ *Speaking of the Pinhead, who is the Pinhead?*

■ I don't even know. He comes on at the end of the set, and after we get off stage I don't see him anymore, and then he comes to the next show with the mask on.

■ *So no one famous like Jack Nicholson has ever been the Pinhead?*

■ I don't know. It could be somebody famous once in a while, but word would probably leak out. Though actually, there was a point on the *Road to Ruin* tour when the Pinhead didn't show up for a month's worth of shows, so we had friends of ours stand in for him.

■ *Anyone notable?*

■ No, just Madonna. She's a fan of ours, she always wears the ripped jeans and the work boots. Yeah, she's a fan, but she made a lousy Pinhead. And Buddy Ebsen did it for a while, but he was a dead giveaway because of the way he danced.

■ *When we were talking about Sha Na Na you seemed to suggest that the Pinhead was mentally unbalanced. Has he ever really attacked anyone?*

■ Just the one time when he returned from his month's absence. When we hit the cue for the Pinhead to come onstage, all of a sudden there were two Pinheads onstage: the real one and our friend who was standing in. The real Pinhead became incensed and attacked the imposter Pinhead. There was a big tussle. The real Pinhead emerged victorious and our friend got twenty stitches on his head. But since then no one has ever been attacked by the Pinhead because the roadies are watching him every minute.

■ *You guys recently played in Japan?*

■ Yeah, that was crazy, but unfortunately "Gabba Gabba Hey" doesn't translate very well into Japanese. They're really crazy about anything American, and the place is like a smaller version of the U.S., with baseball and everything, except that they've got all these products like TVs and radios that you don't see here for five years, and fans were giving them to us everywhere we went. We got Seiko watches, Sony transistor radios, Loudness T-shirts and Michael Jackson gloves. Someone even gave us a dead chicken.

■ *Did they say why?*

■ They wanted me to give it to the Pinhead. Like I say, "Gabba Gabba Hey" doesn't translate very well.

And I thought it was a universal language.

FORTY INTIMATE FAX ABOUT

SPAHN RANCH



Bob: he's nuts!

You've watched 'em rise from a small band in Michigan to one of the hottest, heaviest groups of sexy serenaders around! But do you really know everything there is to know about them? Now, in this **MOTORBOOTY** exclusive, we cut through all the rumors surrounding them to bring you the cold, hard, intimate FAX!

1. Everyone agrees that singer Bob (5'8", 125 lbs, and single!) is the nuttiest of the Ranchers!
2. Brad, the group's groovy guitarist, (5'7", 9 stone (wet)), is a computer programmer when he isn't strumming away!
3. Eventhough drummer Odell (O positive, 13 E, Pisces) may look wild, he's actually the shyest member of the band! Treat him with plenty of TLC!
4. Although all of the Ranchers are heartbreaking hunks, only bassist Hobey (Hair: 22"!) is actually a flirt!
5. All of the band members live in Detroit or Ann Arbor, but they forgot to include this information on their album, so all their fans assume they hail from Oakland, Ca., where their label is based!
6. The boy on the cover of the band's debut LP, *Thickly Settled* (Insight), is Bob's adorable illegitimate son, Timber Twinkle!
7. According to a survey of local record stores, only women buy the band's LP!
8. The group were originally going to call themselves "Duck Duck Ranch," but because of their love for baseball, they chose instead to honor Milwaukee Braves Hall of Fame hurler, Warren Spahn. It wasn't until much later that they learned about their monkier's Manson Family connection!
10. Spahn Ranch once had two guitars! But the other guitar player was kicked out for

- knowing too many chords!
11. Music making runs in Brad's family—his cousin is Mark Farmer of Grand Funk, a Flint, MI rock 'n roll band!
12. The group rarely practices together, preferring to let their music "happen"!
13. Hobey describes the band's sound as "the musical equivalent of a mood ring"!
14. Others describe the group's atmospheric drone as "New Age music for people with leather jackets"!
15. When Spahn Ranch plays live, several of Hobey's former/current/recurrent girlfriends



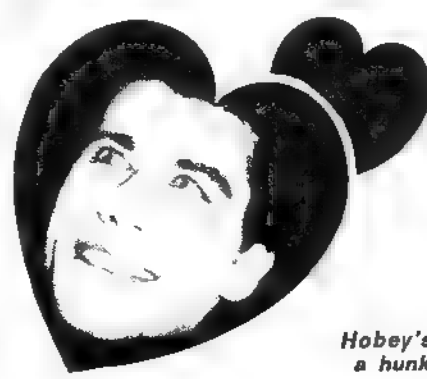
Odell's shy

- join the group onstage to "play percussion" and "sing."
16. The law of averages would have the band in tune more often than they are!
17. Recent live gigs have featured the band playing in front of really swingin' Super 8mm "art films" starring Ron Jeremy and Hobey's girlfriends!
18. No Rancher is allowed to wear high-top basketball shoes onstage because they're too "rock"!
19. No Rancher is allowed to smile onstage either!
20. Always unpredictable, Bob has been known to appear onstage wearing only a loincloth, cellophane kite tail, and silly string neck tie!
21. The band feels that their major accomplishment is that they can now play standing up!
22. Many feel the band was better when they played sitting down!
23. Although the group writes all their own songs, they often have fun performing cover tunes like Jimi Hendrix's "Purple Haze," Pink Floyd's "Shine On You Crazy Diamond," and Negative Approach's "Destroy All Band Fucks"
24. The band played to only three people on their ten-city Canadian tour!

25. Spahn Ranch has opened for bands like Sonic Youth, Savage Republic, The Jesus and Mary Chain, The Butthole Surfers, and The Swans, but they aren't discouraged—they know they're bound to get on a decent bill someday!
26. All of the Ranchers are followers of Rev. Sun Myung Moon's Unification Church, except Hobey, who was a disciple of the Maharishi Ji until his mother stripped away his divinity and gave it to his brother!
28. The band members prefer Siddha yoga to Hatha, Tibetan, or Yoplaist sitting techniques!
30. Hobey's given name is Harry Tucker, but all his friends call him Hobey!
32. Although Bob is wild, uninhibited, and likely to whip it out at any time, he admits to being frightened of reporters and fan magazines, except those that tell the truth, like **MOTORBOOTY**!
34. What kind of songs does Brad like most to compose? Love songs for the special girls in his life!
35. Odell hates loud, messy girls and people with skin diseases, but he likes "groovy people"!
36. Bob's ideal girlfriend is "female"!
37. Hobey's deepest secret desire is to play in a rock 'n roll "hair band," like the Necros!
38. Another reason to love Brad (besides his darling dimples) is that he often contributes to the "Save The Voles" organization, and *not* for publicity—he really cares!
39. The band is currently putting the finishing touches on a new six-song EP, *Doff Yr. Merkin*, which should be out by the time you read this!
40. No matter how busy the band gets, they've always got time for their fans! They really appreciate their fans and they'd love to hear from you! Write them in care of Insight Records, P.O. Box 2896, San Francisco, CA, 94101!



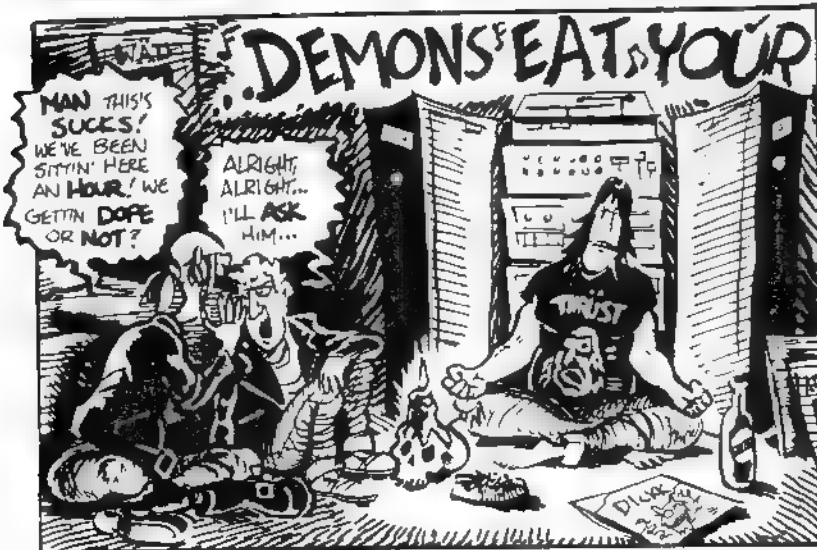
Brad's dreamy



Hobey's a hunk

BILL BUMS AROUND

A TROUBLED YOUTH COMIC
BY T. LABAUO 1988





NO ID,
NO ENTRY.
G'NITE

LOOK, MAN!
WE'RE ZI!

IT'S TRUE..
ASK ME MY
BIRTHDAY!



I CAN'T BELIEVE
YOU CALLED HIM
AN ASSHOLE,
MAN!

SO WHAT?
HE'LL GET OFF
WHEN WE LEAVE
THE PARKING LOT!

FUCK, JIMMY! HE CRACKED YOUR
WINDSHIELD! WHY DO YOU DO
STUFF LIKE THAT?

CUTE. I'M NOT AFRAID
OF FAT, DICKHEAD,
BARRROOM BOUNCERS!
C'MON! LET'S GO
BREAK INTO THE SCHOOL!

NO
WAY!

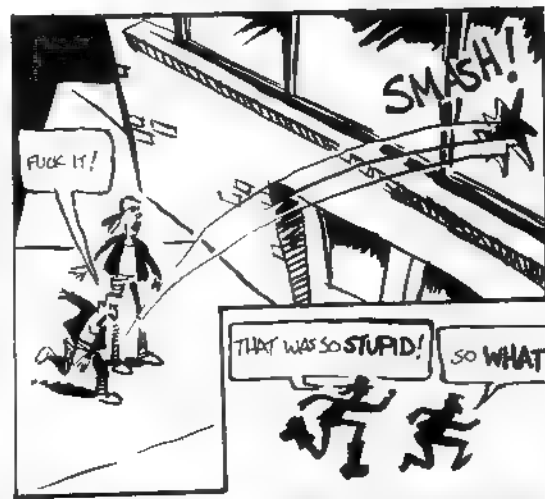


SHIT! LAST WEEK I COULD SQUEEZE
UNDER THE CHAIN, BUT
NOW IT WON'T OPEN ENOUGH!

MAN, LET'S GO!
I THINK I SAW
HEADLIGHTS!

WELL, THIS'S BEEN
ANOTHER GREAT
NIGHT... WHAT'RE
WE GONNA DO
NOW?

JUNGLE
THIS
LAWN!!



FUCK IT!

SMASH!

THAT WAS SO STUPID!

SO WHAT?



WHEEEE!!

LOOK OUT
FOR THAT
TREE!!



... MAN, I'M GROUNDED FOR A YEAR.
MY PARENTS NAILED MY WINDOWS
SHUT, AN' THEY'RE TALKIN' ABOUT
SENDING ME TO MILITARY SCHOOL!

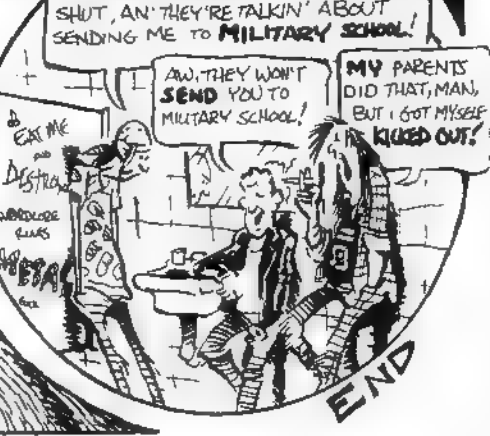


OMIGOD! GET GOING!
THE R LIGHTS ARE
COMING ON!

IT WON'T
MOVE!
LET'S
RUN!!



FREEZE, YOU SONS OF
BITCHES... MADGE, CALL THE COPS!



AW, THEY WON'T
SEND YOU TO
MILITARY SCHOOL!

MY PARENTS
DID THAT, MAN,
BUT I GOT MYSELF
KICKED OUT!

END

KATHY ACKER:

BY THOM
JUREK

I have this thing about starting over again. I have begun this article at least a dozen times, only to find something fundamentally wrong with it and then trash it, only to begin again. I find that writing is like that in general: it pisses you off yet you feel compelled to start over and over until it is right. I have no idea whether this is right or not, I'm too far outside the project now to make that distinction. I guess you'll ultimately have to decide that for me as well as yourselves.

This piece originally started as an interview, and then became a critical overview of the artist's work. (Admittedly, that would have hardly been the proper approach for this magazine). Finally, what I have to offer you is what I encountered while reading her new work as well as rereading the old, and that is just how worthy it all is of an homage, to an author and body of work that stands as a singular triumph to the human voice and its various soundings. Sound corny? Good, motherfuckers, choke on it while you read because you probably get your reading list from a handful of second-rate east coast Bukowski wannabees....dig? I'm glad we got that little diatribe out of the way.

Kathy Acker has written ten novels to date. The most recent, *Empire of the Senseless*, should be out by the time you read this. I want you to know something extraordinary about this little book: it has been singlehandedly responsible for Kathy being asked, or actually being told, to move out of England, where she has been living since 1984. The British media have raised an outcry against this woman and her work, demanding that she be tried for obscenity and deported. I've been told by various sources that she's looking for a new place to live.

How can one book raise so much hell? Well, to be fair, I'm sure it is actually the entire *oeuvre* of the author, even though at one time she was considered to be quaint and charming in an offhanded American way. We

all know that a backlash to this sort of thinking is imminent. Kathy Acker's writing completely embodies the culture as it is already defined, it does not seek to represent it second hand. This writing does not seek to describe for you a tree, it is through language—the tree itself—that it conveys the stuff of our everyday lives: murder, brazen sexuality, perversions, rape, mental cruelty and male domination over everything on this earth. "Well," you say, "lots of books have that stuff in them." True, I suppose, but what is delivered to you in those works is a "representation of the event by language," in that language recreates the event as if recounting something in the past. This effect dulls the senses and allows us to feel comfortable because we are essentially told by the author that it is okay to experience shock here and horror there. Acker's work is very different in that respect. The events created here are not represented or recounted by a third person or a first person acting as a third, these events are happening for the first fucking time, and are told in a narrative that has little or nothing to do with the orderliness of the novel. The story is revealed through switches and jumps in the prose, as though you were really excited and telling it to someone immediately as it happened. There are no patterned reactions in the text, only what you can pull from the work yourself. Kathy is not concerned with manipulating your feelings one way or the other, so there can be no set response to the text. She stays out of it. In that way, what one person may read as a horrible event, another may find exceedingly funny.

I'm really tired of the school of critics that call Acker's writing "punk rock novels." They just haven't a fucking place to put her. This writing is war, pure and simple. It wastes no time setting anything up and leaves nothing behind in its path of destruction, the destruction of all that seems palatable in writing and language (i.e. a story that goes from beginning to end with few asides and actually finishes tidily with no real questions to be asked). It destroys language that quietly dictates to the reader how to feel from one page to the next, or lulls them to sleep with the "entertainment of reading," by not allowing the reader as participant in the work at all, only as a dozing spectator. And finally, it leaves the realm of male-dominant culture

by refusing to participate in it whatsoever. There are no innocents, only victims of the same set of rules. It is no wonder that there isn't a place for writing like this, because it exists completely inside the culture it writes from. The standard of "necessary" detachment for the author as superiority over the text is absent. And of course by the writer as authority being absent, all manner of chaos is given rule in the text, thus displacing the reader from the role of follower of the work to being its creator, by demanding an absolute participation in the text and the world around its body.

In order to create this whirlwind novel the writer uses all sorts of devices, however none of them could be taught to you in a writing class in a university. Mostly she just writes to see what happens, and usually it does Sound flip? Well maybe, but remember, you are all used to very rigid technical explanations of things, and I'm not about to bore either one of us with that type of bullshit in this mag. Nope, Kathy uses everything from actual events in her life (her mother's suicide on Christmas Day, recounted at least twice in every novel) to major events in other works, to outright plagiarism. Yep, that's right, in the middle of a text she will just out-and-out copy from other works, some great and well known and others great and not-so-well known. There are whole sections from the beginning of Robbe-Grillet's *Recollections of the Golden Triangle* in *Don Quixote* (her retelling the story from the viewpoint of a female dog), and check out the pluck from *The Scarlet Letter* in *Blood and Guts in High School*. Why would anyone do this? It's anyone's guess, but one of Kathy's reasons is that she has a need to see what happens when one book is inserted into the middle of another one. The French have a term that translates into english as "intertextuality," the weave created by two or even more texts coming out of the same body. Sometimes it works, sometimes it works really well, but always you are pushed further into the book to wander around and take the entrails of the text's body into your hands and breathe deeply.

This is writing from the most terrible kind of obsession. The need to write becomes a delirium, a desire run amok to get everything out of your own body and see it writhe before you on the page. This is writing because you

THE FEAR OF READING

feel hot and need to get off. It explores the realm where violence and sexual desire blur and reveal only the urges of the body. As a reader you will feel many things, not the least of all horror at finding yourself getting horny from a sick account of rape or a homosexual (both male and female) act. You will feel yourself wanting to be disgusted but you continue to turn pages. It is a price exacted by no one but yourself. This is what participating in a work is, and who knows if you'll "get it" by the time the end rolls around? I would venture to guess you won't even care. In reading a work like this you will have indulged in the range of emotions and the unspeakable acts in which the book takes part. You will have become their perpetrator, their translator, and finally, their writer. You will have participated in the greatest and worst of all discourses: *Language*.

I haven't gone into the individual books in this article because, as I stated, this piece was to be an homage. How successfully I accomplished that task is questionable. I have, however, encountered my own need to reveal feelings about the work which I feel are important. Whether they will be to you should you actually read one of her books, I couldn't care less. I do consider Kathy Acker to be possibly the most important writer around today, if only for the fact that she fully allows us the autonomy of making up our own minds when participating in an act of pleasure that, since the beginning of the 19th century, the author has held us hostage in: the act of reading. There have been few exceptions to this rule and I feel that she best bespeaks the terror that is the culture we are dominated by each day we allow ourselves to wake from sleep.

Some Books by Kathy Acker:

- ◆ *Literal Madness* (3 Novels in One: *Kathy Goes to Haiti, Florida, and My Death, My Life*, by Pier Paolo Pasolini)
- ◆ *Don Quixote*
- ◆ *Great Expectations*
- ◆ *Empire of the Senseless*
- ◆ An omnibus containing three more works: *I Dreamt I was a Nymphomaniac, The Childlike Life of The Black Tarantula, and Henri Toulouse Lautrec*. All published by Grove Press. This last collection should be out by Spring, '89







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THE ALL-AMERICAN PORNO CAKE SHOP BY DANNY PLOTNICK

In a city as sleazy as San Francisco, you would think that the man who can boast of owning the sole set of pornographic cake shops in town is either a porn enthusiast or a racy cake master. As for the latter, Jerry Carson of The Cake Gallery affably says, "I know nothing about cakes." As for the former, the notion that culinary oddities like, "The Blue Boy" and "The Great Gag-sby" share shelf space with G-rated birthday treats like Mickey Mouse and Oopsy the Clown ought to send most porn purists running for the door and groping for their next fix of "Bark Like A Dog For Me" magazine. Also, cake titles like "Gina Lotta Breasts" and "Marlin Jerkins" might even elicit a cringe or two from the marquee-oogling, peanut gallery at your local sleaze-o-rama cinema.

All that said, what's Jerry Carson's game? Why porno cakes? Well damned if it ain't that all-American entrepreneurial spirit. "Originally I wanted my own bakery for baking pies 'cause I love pies. In fact, I hadn't even heard of this bakery until I knew it was up for sale. It then occurred to me that anybody could bake pies, but there was only one X-rated bakery in town. There was no competition so I thought it was just a matter of promoting it properly."

And that he has. It's not your skid row, stubble-faced and sour-breathed clientele slinking through the doors of the Cake Gallery. "Bank of America is good for two or three cakes a month and so is Wells Fargo." The corporations seem to favor the orgy cake. With the help of an office photo and an overhead projector, which is used to replicate photographed images on the surface of a cake, the orgy cake is sure to give fuel to office rattle mouths, and in short, to get people talking. Better they squander their money on something like X-rated cakes than financing another shopping mall I suppose. Ever the entrepreneur, Carson says "The way I see it, any corporation that has more money than it knows what to do with is welcome here."

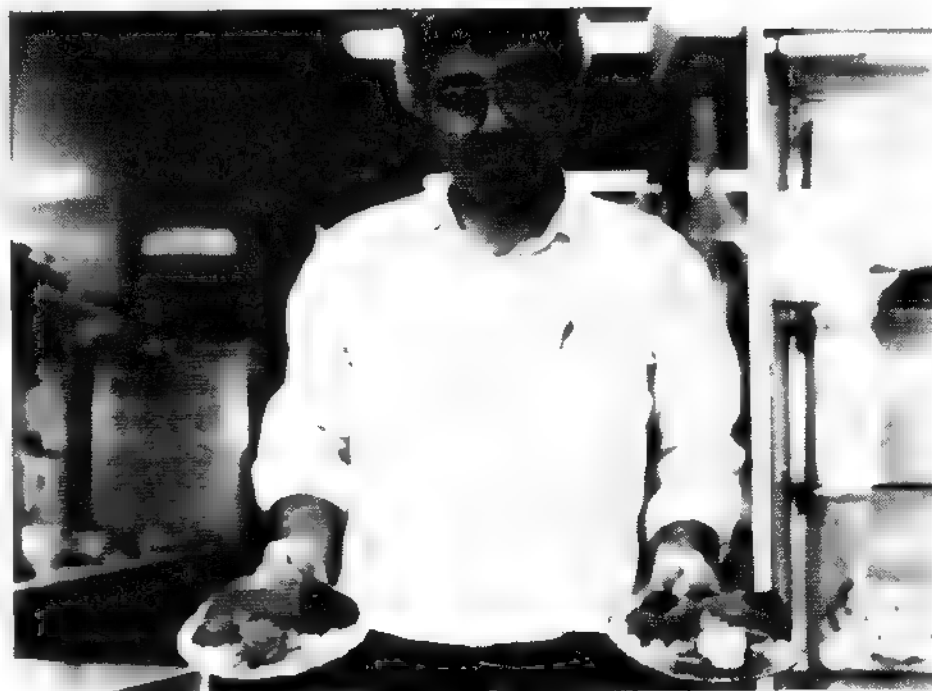
Interestingly enough, The Cake Gallery sells more of their G-rated concoctions than the more revealing sweets. Says Carson, "Probably sixty percent of the business is straight and forty percent is X-rated, but people will always remember us for the X-rated cakes."

Of those who do, women frequent the shop more than men—quite often to pick up the male torso, which is graphic enough to evoke an "Oh my gawd!" and a "Wrap that up—I wanna embarrass the hell out of my girlfriend!" When shopping to please Mister or Missus Loved One, men think twice about



PHOTOS BY EILEEN CAREY

Jerry Carson, defender of the American way



Carson, an equal opportunity pornographer, makes no distinctions on the basis of color

coming into the shop, and when they finally do muster up enough guts, they hem and haw about being specific when discussing how they want their cake personalized...so to speak. Women on the other hand, "have very little trouble telling me exactly what they want...at least in business matters," says Carson.

Even in a town as liberal as San Francisco, you'd think that Jerry Falwell or Tipper Gore-inspired extremists would occasionally toss a brick through the store front window or at least inform Mr. Carson that the devil will be sure to find a place for him in hell. But oddly enough, in the past several years only one person has bothered to complain and her

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complaint bordered on being misguided, saying that The Cake Gallery was "fostering cannibalism." I say misguided because this chain of logic suggests that Flinstone Chewables also foster cannibalism and I can't imagine that lady ever gave those Stone Age vitamins a second thought.

You would think the cakes would come under scrutiny due to their sometimes graphic nature. You can't help but notice the veins on "The Blue Boy." Rather than a sculpting accomplishment, the veins are part of the mold. Carson may have a corner on the penis cake market simply because penis molds are hard to come by. In fact, the company that manufactured the penis mold has been out of business for two years, so if he loses the mold, the "Cock in a Box" may become a thing of the past.

The female torso, the "Tits", the "Super Tits", and the "Nicely-Turned Ass" represent the more imaginative use of molds to create unsavory savories. The female torso is a readily available mold, however it's supposed to be a bikini. Says Carson, "You're supposed to dress it up, but basically we undress it and use the mold for the shape and put our own anatomical features on it. Put some hair in the strategic spots and a cherry here, a cherry there, and you got your cake."

The "Tits" and "Super Tits" are also pretty basic molds, but what makes them "Tits" is what "the decorator does with them once he's got them." Though if he wants to, he can turn them into the dome on the capitol building as has been the case for special orders in the past. "We wanted a penis on the top, you know, like sit on this," but better judgement stifled that vision.

As for the nicely-turned sugar butt, Carson says, "I've tried to get a mold maker to do a nice ass mold, because frankly there's more to a nicely-turned ass than just a couple of cheeks. There was one time we were doing asses with Easter egg molds and you know...they looked like Easter egg molds. And people would come in and say, 'Yeah, I guess that's o.k., but it reminds me of Easter.' I'm an ass man myself, and I know what a good-looking ass looks like. This would qualify if you dressed it up. Very often someone will want a set of lips on it—you know—'Kiss my ass.' So you put a set of lips on Easter eggs and it satisfies them."

The biggest seller these days is the timely condom on a chocolate penis candy. The breasts are always a popular item. "Very tasteful and not particularly graphic other than the nipples being exposed."

As for working in a left-of-center, south-of-Market bakery, Carson says, "If you don't like working as a decorator here, you're never going to make it at Woolworths. I have a decorator who used to work at Woolworths and he said he can't look another eight-inch round chocolate cake in the face. But after a while I'm sure even penis cakes get a little boring. But there are enough cakes here that are unusual to keep us occupied."

With the success of the two San Francisco shops, can it be long before Pomo Cake Shop franchises start popping up nation-wide? Carson isn't saying, but don't be surprised....

SECRET COMICS

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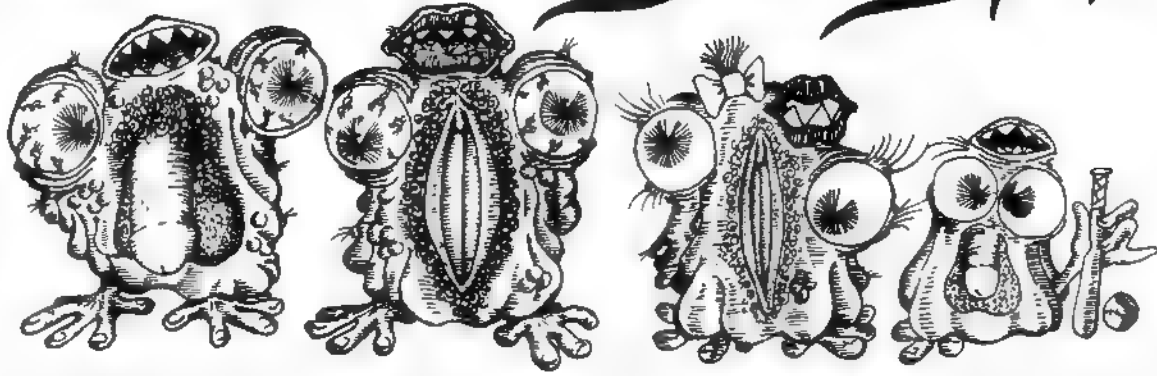
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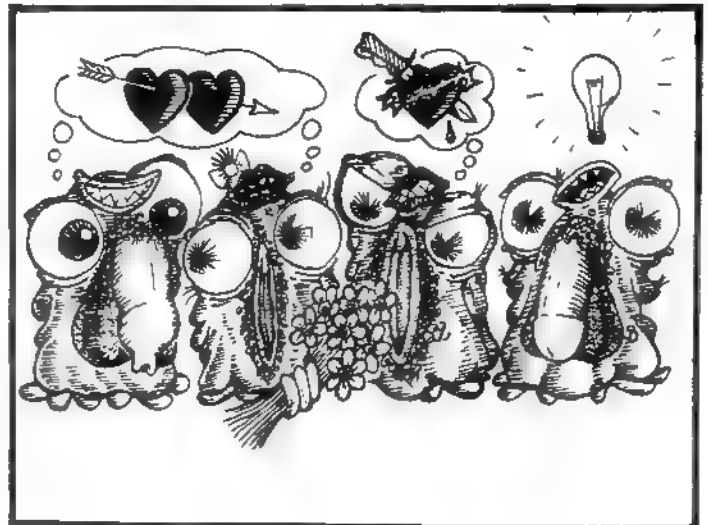
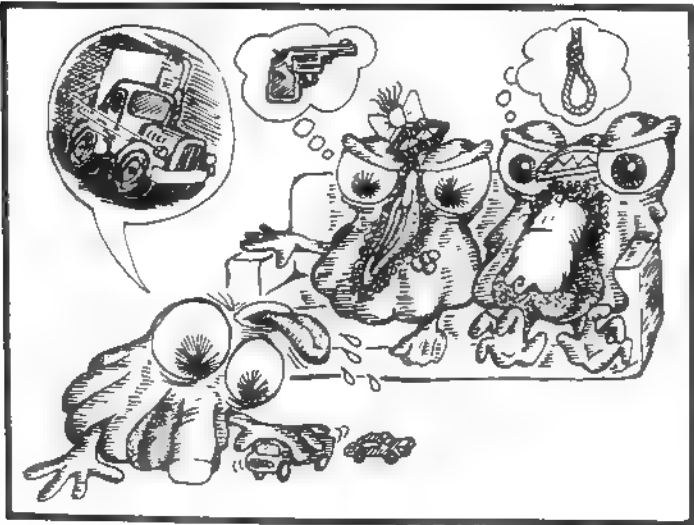
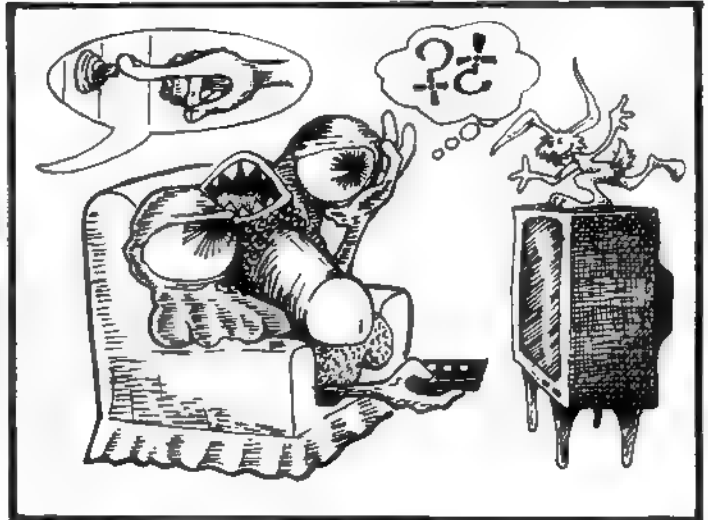
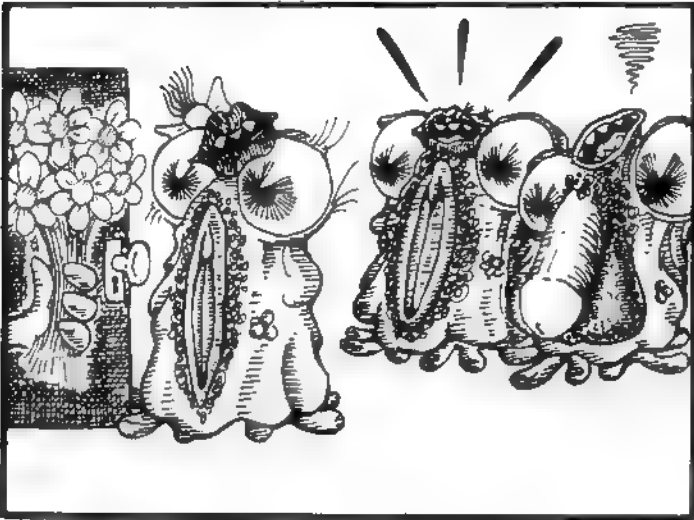


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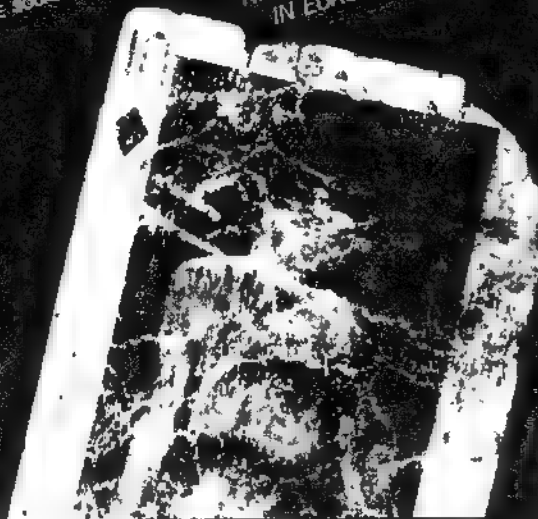


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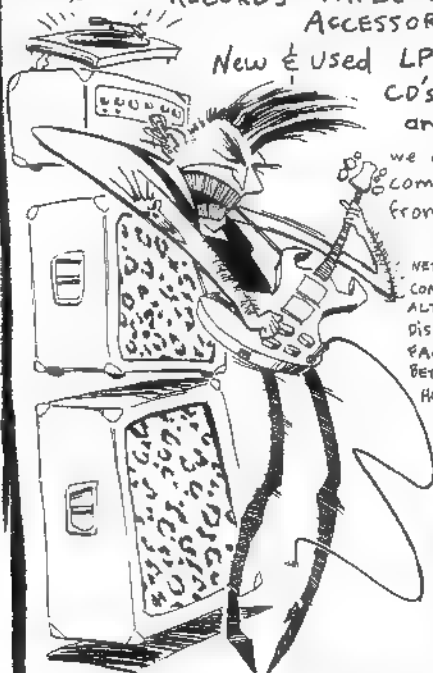
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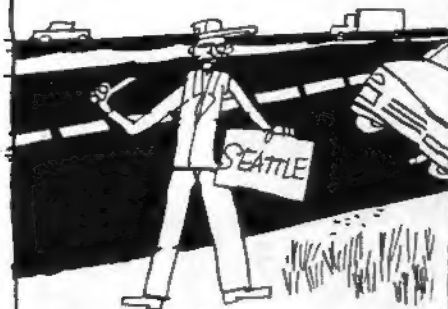
ALBUM "72330-1" CASSETTE "72330-4"
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HITCH-HIKING

A TRUE
TO LIFE
STORY

RIDE NO. 3



I WAS ABOUT 30 MILES OUT OF SAN FRANCISCO. I HAD BEEN WAITING A SHORT TIME. FINALLY I GOT A RIDE.

HI! I USED TO HITCH-HIKE ALL THE TIME!

YEA!-HOW FAR YOU GOING?

JUST UP ABOUT TEN MILES...YEA, I USED TO GET AROUND THE SAME WAY- JUST STICK OUT THE OLD THUMB... WHERE YOU HEADING TO?...



GREAT!... SHIT, YEA- I USED HITCH AROUND A LOT- USED TO MEET A LOT OF INTERESTING PEOPLE TOO. I'D GO TO THE BEACH FOR THE DAY. HANG OUT, HEH, HEH, GUYS WOULD GET ME HIGH. I ALWAYS WANTED TO WRITE DOWN MY HITCH HIKING EXPERIENCES - YOU KNOW?



I REMEMBER THIS ONE GUY- I BET YOU'VE RUN INTO THIS- HE PKED ME UP, WE GOT HIGH, AND THEN HE ASKED ME: "CAN I GO DOWN ON YOU?"



YEA! I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT! I'LL TELL WHAT I DID THOUGH, I ASKED THE GUY "WHAT DO I HAVE TO DO FOR IT?" AND HE SAID, "NOTHING." SO I SAID "WHAT THE HELL- SURE!"

... REALLY?



YEA, -WHAT THE HELL?, I MEAN- A BLOW JOB'S A BLOW JOB RIGHT? THAT'S WHAT FIGURED...



... AND I'LL TELL YOU ONE THING, THAT GUY WAS GREAT!- I MEAN HE WAS EXCELLENT! HE DID IT BETTER THAN EVEN MY GIRLFRIEND!



I DON'T KNOW IF YOU'RE INTO THAT OR NOT. THAT WAS MY FIRST TIME, I'VE DONE IT SIX TIMES SINCE THEN. I SUPPOSE YOU'VE RUN INTO THAT A LOT IF YOU'VE BEEN HITCH-HIKING. WHAT WOULD YOU DO IN THAT KIND OF SITUATION?

I GUESS I'D REFUSE

NO SHIT? REALLY? MAN, I GOTTA WRITE THAT DOWN!



WELL, HEY, IF YOU'RE GOING UP THE COAST HERE, BE PREPARED FOR THAT KIND OF THING- IT HAPPENS A LOT. I HAVE TO TURN UP HERE SO I'LL LET YOU OFF.

OKAY, THANKS

GOOD LUCK!



THE END © MARC HALL 1987

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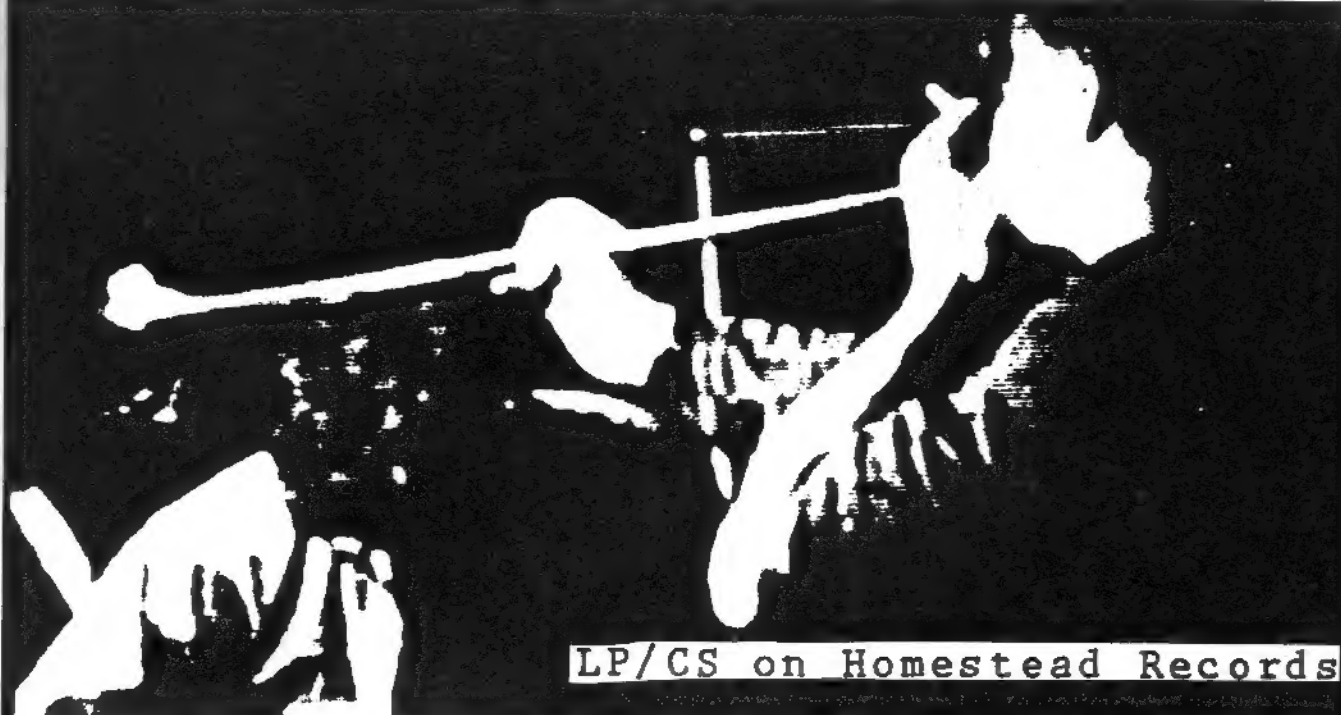
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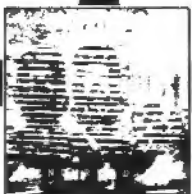
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